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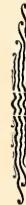
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Place, Big Room; Time, 8:30 a. m.

SC. 1.—(Discovered at the right, a *Sophomore* stealthily stealing into view with a white bottle in his hand.)

SOPH.—Ha! (Empties the bottle.)
Ha! (Exit.)

SC. 2—Time, three minutes later, same place, (crowd of teachers and janitor discovered on the left.)

MR. LANE: "A very ancient fish like smell,"—*Tempest*.

MR. CROWE: "I counted three and seventy stenches, all well defined, and several stinks,"—*Coleridge*.

MR. WISE: "The rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril,"—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

JANITOR: "Out, damned spot! Out, I say!"—*Macbeth*.
EXEUNT.

SC. 3—Five minutes later, (enter Soph.)

SOPH.—Ha! (Exit.)

CURTAIN.

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ANS.—They both used the jaw bone of an ass to annihilate their opponents.

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maple tree and leave early.

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MR. LANE: (Speaking of an unsigned college application). "Who ever written this please come forward."

MR. CROWE: (After making several mistakes in multiplication and being corrected by the class). "I just made those mistakes to see if you were paying attention."

MR. CROWE: "There are other gases."

MISS COLVIN: "New England is rocky."

MISS PARK: "Rewrite that over again."

MISS STEPHENS: (Speaking of a fire at night). "What if we would a-woke up?"

MISS PARK: "Very fluid lava is *icious* like syrup."

MISS JAY: "The Athenians were defeated, the Spartans wonned."

MR. CROWE: "He shaked it off."

MR. LANE: "Those who have not received back their papers may wait."

MR. CROWE: "Here we have a square glass globe."

MR. LANE: "Venus was god of what?"

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MR. CROW: "Clyde, how did you get that spot on your coat?" "You wear an apron don't you?"

CLYDE: "Yes, but only in front."

MR. CROWE: Well, you ought to dress back.

MR. CROWE: "Here stands that C S 2, a very explosive substance, within a foot of this flame." "I will put it on the stove."

MISS COLVIN: (Civ. Gov't) "Let me tell you though, that there are lots of "Chesters" that have never seen a Roman camp."

MISS SABIN: "Paul, what is the construction of that clause?"

DETZER: "I don't know."

MISS SABIN: "That's exactly right."

MISS MCKEAG: "We will continue this out."

MISS STEVENS: "All the scholars in this class will at least be gentlemen."

MISS COLVIN: (Civ. Gov't) "Why I can remember when I was a girl, a few years ago —(hesitates) — or rather a *number* of years ago."

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MISS STEVENS: (In reading) "Heads strong!
that seems to be the weakest point."

LANG: "Ether is very thin air composed of
stars."

MCCORMICK: "When three straight lines
meet at three different points they form
a triangle."

MISS MORRIS: (Reading Virgil) "Pallastrans,
planted him on a sharp rock."

MISS HORMEL: "It is nominative plural
accusative."

FRYER: "The township is the more sim-
plest."

MR. LANE: "Hugh! you eat too much."

MCDONALD: "I built some K M n O 4."

SMITH: (Translating Virgil) "Thou! high
citadel, would'st be remained."

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CROXTON: (In reading) "The first care of the two unsplit friends."

MCCORMICK: (Translating Virgil.) "But I who move," (pauses and begins again) "But I who move." (Hesitates for about two minutes.)

PROF LANE: "Excused Thomas, you don't move fast enough."

LANG: (Translating Cicero.) "Should I ask the captives?" (Hesitates.)

MR. LANE: "No, You shouldn't."

MISS WILDING: (Translating Greek.) "The provisions abandoned the army."

CROXTON: (In Physics.) "The molecular theory is that molecules have the property of dividing atoms in smaller parts."

MCCORMICK: "That is what I was trying to show you, Mr. Lane, but I couldn't make you understand it."

PROF LANE: "Yes; I am a little dull."

PROF LANE: (In Virgil Class) "Why is fundat. in the subjunctive. Charles?"

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CHARLES PORTER: "Indirect question."

PROF. LANE: "Surely, I put the question direct enough."

MISS SABIN: "Where is Chicago?"

YARNELLE: "In the extreme northwestern corner of Illinois."

MCDONALD: "I have did." "No, I had did."

CROXTON: (Translating Cicero.) "They feel with their senses."

SMITH: (In reading.) "The slender *varum* of an unseen midge."

MISS STEVENS: "Mr. Hartman, I'm sure your feet weigh more than a pound."

MR. CROWE: "What is the matter with the class this morning? I believe Miss Scott is absent."

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CROXTON: (Rushing breathlessly into the library at 1:30.) "Was Dido a he or a she?"

MISS COLVIN: "What was that date, Thomas?"

MCCORMICK: "Excuse me, Miss Colvin, I was asleep."

CROXTON: (Translating Virgil.) "I was creating life."

MCCORMICK: "I believe them evils are coming."

M. HARTMAN: (Translating Virgil.) "They drank themselves."

PORTER: (Translating Virgil.) "Surrounded the Trojans with their eyes."

MR. CROWE: (In Physics.) "What are you talking about James?"

JAMES SWAYNE: "I don't know."

PROF. LANE: (In geometry.) "Now Miss Lillian, which one of the blocks do you mean?"

LILLIAN WENNINGHOFF: "You." (U.)

MISS SABIN: "Please refrain from tying your essays with rope and other merchandise."

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MISS CROSBY: (Extract from paper on Ras-selas.) "When Johnson's mother was dyeing in order to obtain money to help her, etc."

Comment by MISS SABIN. "Diamond Dyes, I suppose."

CROXTON: "A wind blows nobody no good."

SWAYNE: "Then they were shook together."

BARRETT: "Is ball lighting the same as a falling star?"

MISS Hauck: "I added a few drops of *consecrated H 2 O.*"

JAY REED: (In class meeting.) "Are there any more business?"

MISS OLDS: (In geometry.) "The angle B equals the angle E, but you can't say that."



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MISS JAY: "Who was the wife of Ulysses?"

ED FOX: "Peloponnesus."

MCMILLAN: "One isosceles triangle minus one isosceles triangle equals one isosceles triangle."

LONGACRE: (In Caesar.) "Cæsar reckiled the Gauls."

N. OLDS: (In class meeting.) "Rise your hands up."

MISS COLVIN: (In English History class.) "What is an ordeal?"

D. MUIRHEAD: "In an ordeal a man who was being tried plunged his hand in some red hot water."

J. READ: "To bisect a line, find the middle point of the line."

JULIA LUND: (In geometry, talking about the diameter of a circle.) "The diaphragm of a circle cuts it into two parts."

GLADYS WILLIAMS: (In Greek.) "The second person plural ought to end in epsilon."

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MISS DRYER: "Why?"

G. WILLIAMS: "Because I have it that way."

B. BELL: "All parallel lines are parallel."

FITCH: (In Botany.) "We have here a bottle of *diluted iodine*."

CARPENTER: "Take a glass tube charged with *affirmative* electricity."

MISS EDITH: "Didn't we have a *funny* time at the sleigh ride?"

MISS WEBB: "Sun spots are the same as freckles."

MISS EVANS: (In Physics.) "Is that a bottle of molecules?"

MISS JAY: "Now, Leo, speak loud, every one in the class seems to be deaf."

LEO BEEGLER: "What did you say?"

OLIVER HEBERT: (In Roman History.) "There dress brought them more together."

HERMANN ROLF: "The Roman boys wear a white toga with a purple rim."

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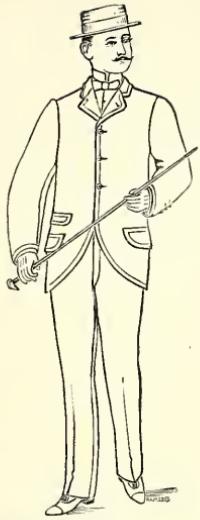
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Published by
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Faculty.
Sketch of Justin N. Study.
'97 Sonnet.

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To the Phoenicians,

Who invented the alphabet, without which the achievements of '97 could never have assumed this form,

This Book is Gratefully Dedicated.



97 ENIACON - - - - STAFF

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Illustrated by


Chas. B. Falls.

Preface.



N PRESENTING this volume to the gaze and criticism of the public, the Eniauton Staff feels certain that its efforts in a literary line will not be unappreciated. The editors fully realize that they have entered, for the first time, a field wherein success can only be achieved through experience and ability. It is their misfortune, not their fault, that they are unaccustomed to such work, and as to their ability, remember that they are but common mortals. In view of this they hope that the public will look kindly upon their maiden effort in journalism, and that they will pardon all errors that may be found within these covers. The publication of an annual is an innovation at the Fort Wayne High School. Last year the class of '96 made the first effort in this direction. Although their "production" was not a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," it was a step in a new field, and deserves credit as such. Perhaps it was not the fault of '96 that "*Vedette*" has become synonymous with "*In debt*," but their financial disaster cast a serious aspect upon a second publication. Yet the fact that '96 did not succeed has not deterred '97 from making a like and greater effort.

'97 has always claimed to be superior to '96 in every way imaginable, and with this volume as a witness she submits her boast to the decision of the public. As '97 bids farewell to the High School, she leaves behind her this volume, a record of her ability and enterprise, to succeeding classes an example worthy of imitation. And it is her fond hope that her successors will continue the publication of the "Eniauton," improving it year by year. If the "Eniauton" becomes thus established in the High School, and yearly develops into greater size, interest, and excellence, the Staff of '97, the pioneer editors, will feel that they are more than repaid for their efforts.

Their warmest thanks and appreciation are tendered Messrs. W. D. PAGE and F. R. BARROWS for the personal interest they have taken in the work and for many valuable suggestions. Likewise, they desire to thank the patrons of the advertising department for their generous assistance in a pecuniary way.



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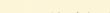
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LATIN AND GEOMETRY.—Principal of the Fort Wayne High School. Graduated from the University of Michigan, in the Classical Course, in 1874. Mr. Lane immediately accepted the position of Principal in the Ypsilanti, Michigan, High School, where he remained until 1879, when he came to Fort Wayne to accept his present position. Since he has been principal, the High School has been admitted to the North-western Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Students of the High School may be admitted on diploma to all the principal Colleges of Indiana, and to Cornell and Smith. Our High School is one of the three in the state that enjoy the distinction of being "affiliated" with the University of Chicago. Mr. Lane is a very efficient teacher, and those who have had the privilege of studying under his direction receive an incentive to true scholarship.

MARY L. JAY, PH. B.

LATIN AND HISTORY.—Graduated from Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and in 1895 received from Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill., the degree of Ph. B. She is a thorough scholar and a most efficient teacher.

ELLEN McKEAG.

ALGEBRA.—In charge of mathematics in the Freshman Class. Many can testify to the benefit received from her faithful efforts while studying Algebra under her skilled teaching.

KATHARINE H. BLYNN, A. B.

ALGEBRA AND HIGHER ARITHMETIC.—Graduated from the University of Indiana in the Mathematical Course, receiving the degree of A. B. After teaching a year in the ward schools of Fort Wayne, she accepted a position as assistant teacher in the High School. She has taught Latin, Mathematics, Literature and Rhetoric, but at present gives her attention to Mathematics only.

ALBERT B. CROWE, A. B.

PHYSICS, BOTANY, AND CHEMISTRY.—Graduated from Hanover College in 1893, receiving the degree of A. B. In the spring of the following year he accepted his present position in the High School. During his term of service a room for a botanical laboratory has been equipped with all necessary apparatus, including compound microscopes. Recently he received an honorary degree of A. M. from Hanover College.

CAROLINE COLVIN, A. B.

ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.—Graduated from the State Normal School in 1890. After teaching a year in the Peru High School, she entered the University of Indiana, from which she graduated in 1893. The following fall she came to Fort Wayne to accept the position which she now holds in the High School.

CORA PARK.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY AND LITERATURE.—She was connected with the High School for only a brief time. In February of this year she resigned her position on account of ill health.

FANNIE E. SABIN, A. M.

LATIN AND LITERATURE.—Graduated in the Classical Course, at the University of Michigan in 1895, receiving the degree of Ph. B. The following year she took a post-graduate course at the same University, and received the degree of A. M.

HELEN E. DRYER, A. B.

GREEK AND LATIN.—Graduated in the Classical Course, at the University of Michigan in 1895, receiving the degree of A. B. In the following September she assumed her present position.

HARRY O. WISE, A. B.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION.—Graduated in 1887 at the Fort Wayne High School, receiving the highest honors. In 1892 he graduated in the Classical Course at the University of Indiana. The following year Mr. Wise was principal of the Renssalaer High School, and in the fall of 1893 accepted a position as teacher of English and Greek in the Fort Wayne High School. In June 1895, he resigned his position in order to attend Harvard University, where he did post graduate work in English. Owing to Miss Park's resignation, another teacher was needed at the High School, and Mr. Wise consented to leave Harvard University and accept the position of head of the department of English Language and Literature.

MARY E. STEVENS.

INSTRUCTOR IN ELOCUTION.—Attended Mt. Morris College, and afterwards graduated at the Columbia School of Oratory, Chicago, Ill. She has taught in Fairfax, Ill., and in Memphis, Tenn., where she remained until she came to Fort Wayne, last September, to accept her present position.

WILLIAM MILES.

INSTRUCTOR IN VOCAL MUSIC.—He has studied music in Wales, New York, and Chicago, and has for many years been prominent in the musical circles of Fort Wayne. He accepted the position of Instructor in Vocal Music in the city schools in the fall of 1896.



JUSTIN N. STUDY.

JUSTIN N. STUDY.

THE present Superintendent of the Fort Wayne Schools is a native of Indiana. He was born in Wayne county, and it was here that he spent his boyhood, receiving from the country school that early training which prepared him for entrance later to the Academy at Hagerstown. Here Mr. Study completed his preparatory work and soon after entered Ohio Wesleyan University, from which he was graduated in 1871, with the degree of A. B., receiving later, from the same institution, the degree of A. M. Mr. Study's work as a teacher began early. He was but eighteen and still an undergraduate, when he entered the profession which he has so successfully followed down to the present time. Immediately upon his graduation he entered upon the duties of Superintendent of Schools at Anderson, Indiana, a position which he filled for ten years. During this time he succeeded in thoroughly organizing the schools and in bringing about such needed reforms as placed the school system upon a firm basis. The years 1881-84 were spent at Greencastle, Indiana, where as Superintendent, Mr. Study, among other reforms, was instrumental in building up the High School, and so successful were his efforts that the school to-day may, perhaps, boast of having the largest proportional attendance of any in the state. From Greencastle, Mr. Study went to Richmond, where he spent twelve years, during which time he became widely known for his work along educational lines, and obtained that prominent place among the educators of Indiana which he occupies to-day. To those who are unacquainted with the character and work of Mr. Study, a short sketch, such as the present must of necessity be, can not but be unsatisfactory; but to those who already know something of his life, and have met him in the friendly relations which he holds with all who are connected with him, these few words may be of deeper interest. Certainly they cannot fail in later years to remind the members of the Class of '97 of the quiet, kindly man, under whom as Superintendent, they completed their course at the Fort Wayne High School.

'97 SONNET.



It is with a feeling of sadness, that we think of the swift-coming day,
When our four happy years will be ended, and we shall leave High School for aye.
Our dearly loved temple of learning, within whose beneficent walls
We've received the foundation of knowledge that prepares us for more famous halls,
Which may in renown be far greater, and may to our hearts become dear,
Still, our truest affections will ever drift back to the joyous days here.
Ah, yes, the old clock in the hall-way, with its unceasing, rhythmical flow,
May be meas'ring the happiest moments, perchance that we ever shall know !
We each have a life-work before us, and many a lesson to learn—
May we master them nobly and bravely, and never from life's duties turn.
Let us earnestly strive in the future to render the mind and the soul
Full of worthy and lofty ambitions, with Heaven itself as our goal.
And with this steadfast purpose before us, as we bravely stem life's seething tide,
By and by, far beyond these fierce tempests, in safe harbor our glad ships will ride.



GLASSES





Seniors.

MOTTO.—“Our life is what our thoughts make it.”

CLASS FLOWER: Red Carnation.

COLORS: Scarlet and Black.

YELL—*Vichy-kinick, kinick-kinick,
Stv-a-toe-lix, toe-lix, toc-lix,
Kicka-bah-bah ! Kicka-bah-bah !
Ninety-seven—
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !*

OFFICERS.

GUY REED BELL,	President.
CORNELIUS MARCELLUS SMITH,	Vice-President.
WALTER HENSHAW CRIM,	Secretary.
HERBERT WILSON LANG,	Treasurer.
MAUDE FRANKLYN SPERRY,	Poet.
HUGH WORTHINGTON CROXTON,	Historian.
EDWARD RALPH YARNELLE,	Prophet.



Members of the Class of '97.

CHARLES DOUGLASS BARRETT, <i>Delta Sigma Nu</i> ,	Class Secretary, 1895-6; Usher, '96.	Classical Course
GUY REED BELL, <i>Delta Sigma Nu</i> ,	Class President, 1896-7; President D's of T.; McKinley Cadets; Usher, '96.	Classical Course
OSCAR BROKAW,	Usher, '96; Manager Ninety-seven Octet.	English Course
ANNA MARY CLARK,		English Course
NELLIE CLARK,	"Happy Six."	English Course
WALTER HENSHAW CRIM, <i>Delta Sigma Nu</i> ,	Leader Mandolin Club, '95-6; '97 Quartet; A. A. A.; Chairman Entry Committee, '96 Field Day; State Record Quarter Mile Walk, '95 Field Day; Substitute Foot Ball Team, '95-6; Order of Mystic Nine; Third All-Around Medal, '96 Field Day; Manager Glee and Mandolin Clubs, '95-6; Class Secretary, '96-7; <i>Assistant Editor-in-Chief Enianton</i> ; D's of T.; Secretary McKinley Cadets; Usher, '96; Ninety-seven Octet.	English Course
MABEL GERTRUDE CROSBY,	President S. S. S. '96.	Latin Course
HUGH WORTHINGTON CROXTON, <i>Delta Sigma Nu</i> ,	Glee and Mandolin Clubs, 1895-6; First Prize Mile Bicycle, '96 Field Day; Ninety-seven Octet; Class Historian, '96-7; A. A. A.; D's of T.; Usher, '96; McKinley Cadets.	Classical Course
CLYDE FLOYD DRIESBACH,	Foot Ball Team, '96-7; A. A. A.; Usher '96; <i>Assistant Business Manager Enianton</i> ; A. T. F.	Latin Course
PHOEBE ELLISON,	A. T. F.; Motto Committee.	Latin Course
CLARENCE ELMER FRYER,	A. A. A.; Usher '96; <i>Business Manager Enianton</i> .	Latin Course
ROSA MAY GARDINER		English Course
MYRTLE PEARL HAINES,	"Happy Six;" Class Vice-President, '95-6; <i>Society Editor Enianton</i> ; Motto Committee.	English Course
MARGARET MARY HANNA,	A. T. F.	Classical Course
MARION JOHNSTON HARTMAN,	<i>Assistant Editor-in-Chief Enianton</i> ; Motto Committee.	Classical Course
CATHERINE ALVA HAUCK,		English Course



LEE FOSTER HARTMAN,	Classical Course
Class President '95-6; Glee and Mandolin Clubs '95-6; <i>Editor-in-Chief Eniauton</i> ; Manager Foot Ball Team '96-7; Ninety-seven Octet; McKinley Cadets; Usher '96; A. A. A.; Motto Committee.	
AUGUSTA EMILIA HORMEL,	Latin Course
BERTHA SARAH HUESTIS,	Latin Course
HERBERT WILSON LANG,	Latin Course
Class Treasurer '95-6, '96-7; A. A. A.; Foot Ball Team '95-6; Captain '96-7; Executive Committee '96 Field Day; Glee Club '95-6; <i>Athletic Editor Eniauton</i> ; '97 Quartet; D's of T.; President McKinley Cadets; Ninety-seven Octet; Usher '96.	
ELIZABETH MARTHA LAPP,	English Course
"Happy Six."	
CHARLES LANSDOWNE,	English Course
"MYSTIC NINE."	
THOMAS HOLMES McCORMICK, JR.,	Latin Course
A. T. F.; Motto Committee.	
GEORGE PERRY McDONALD, <i>Delta Sigma Nu</i> ,	Latin Course
Foot Ball Team '96-7; Glee Club '95-6; Usher '96; Ninety-seven Octet.	
GERTRUDE ETHEL MORRIS,	Classical Course
ETHYL MODJESKA PEARSON,	Latin Course
Motto Committee.	
EMILIE REESE,	English Course
LILLIAN ESTHER READ,	Latin Course
EMMA SAUER,	English Course
CORNELIUS MARCELLUS SMITH,	Latin Course
Glee and Mandolin Clubs '95-6; D's of T.; Class Vice-President '96-7; '97 Quartet; Head Usher, '96; Ninety-seven Octet.	
NANCY ELNORA SCOTT,	Latin Course
LUCRETIA POWELL SEYBOLD,	Latin Course
MAUDE FRANKLYN SPERRY,	Classical Course
O. C. C. Class Poet '95-6, '96-7; <i>Literary Editor Eniauton</i> .	
JAMES PARKE SWAYNE,	Classical Course
Glee Club '95-6; A. T. F.; Assistant Business Manager <i>Eniauton</i> .	
GRACE TINKHAM,	Classical Course
S. S. S. '95-6.	
LILLIAN MARTHA WENNINGHOFF,	Latin Course
EDWARD RALPH VARNELLE,	Classical Course
'97 Quartet; Class Historian '95-6; Class Prophet '96-7; Glee Club '95-6; A. A. A.; Vice-President McKinley Cadets; Prize Committee '96 Field Day; Leader Ninety-seven Octet; A. T. F.; Foot Ball Team '96-7; D's of T.; <i>Grind Editor Eniauton</i> ; Usher '96.	

FORMER MEMBERS.

MATILDA BOOKWALD.

HANNAH BITTNER.

HELENE BIRECK.

BLANCHE COOMBS.

DAISY CLOUD.

JEANETTE CAMPBELL.

ARCHIE DEXTER.

PARK FRAZER.

EDNA FRANKLIN.

WILLIAM FERRIS.

FRED M. GREGG.

MATTIE GRAHAM.

CARRIE HUGHES.

PAUL HARPER.

WILLIAM JOHNSON.

IRMA MILLER.

ROBERT ORFF.

ROBERT PIERCE.

RONALD PURMAN.

EDNA PARHAM.

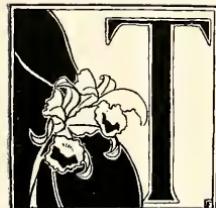
MAE STUDOR.

SAM. T. STRINGER.

ALMA DUNTON.

CLINTON WILSON.

'97 History.



HE members of the class of '97 are about to leave the prison through which they have worn the Scarlet and Black stripes for four long years. No longer will the cruel task-masters abuse us within those walls. No longer will we keep step with the ringing of that bell, which has sent its clear tones to the ears of our parents. Now, at last, we are about to be pardoned and we will soon breathe the pure air of freedom.

We have already won local fame, and our future deeds will be read in the pages of history during the twentieth century. For our masters, although time has made them cruel and harsh, have filled our brains to the brim with knowledge, and, if it does not spill out, the world will hear from us.

In this world everything has a beginning, and so had this class. Convicted of knowing too much, we were sentenced to an indefinite term at High School. When we first entered the building, the old walls shook with the weight of our importance, the teachers trembled with fear, and the other classes murmured softly to themselves their nursery prayer. On account of their fear, some of the teachers became so rash that they left single blessedness for united discord, others were stricken with grief, while the superintendent thought that he was not worthy to hand diplomas to such an illustrious class, and decided to give way to another.

Our first year was spent in a peaceful manner, for no one seemed inclined to molest us, and we were too young to think of doing anything to displease our fellow beings. Teachers who at first feared us, now honored us, and we were held up as a model of goodness and perfection to the other classes.

We entered our Sophomore year infused with more class spirit, more energy, and more knowledge. Nothing of importance transpired through the year. But if the months went by without deeds of valour, the last day did not pass by without being reminded that we were still alive. Four brave lads could tell how they scaled those old walls, as the Court

House clock struck the midnight hour; how they obtained entrance into the deathlike school and proceeded to the upper story, and how they mounted those dormers, reaching the roof, and how they ascended the lofty tower. Clinging to the rickety framework, they swung a banner to the breeze and nailed it fast. From a distance one might have seen that ensign bearing in huge letters "*Nos sumus populi*" and glorious old "'97." For the first time in the history of the High School a bold and daring feat had been attempted and accomplished. Recall the surprise of the sleepy Juniors, when, collecting on the campus the following morning, they saw the banner high above them. They were at a loss to know what to do; but finally—*mirabile dictu*—a thought seized the '96 horde,—“pull it down.” So up the steep stairs one climbs not knowing that anyone was following. He reaches the coveted spot and is about to lay his hands upon the prize, when Johnson steps up and folds him to his breast, and for his act of impudence is about to hurl him from the parapet, down upon the cruel stones, as Theseus once served the robber Sciron. But the frantic Junior pleads for his life, and he is spared, but only from instant death. He is taken down to the school yard. Then he is booted about in a goodly fashion. Then the Juniors rush to the rescue. The classes clash in combat, and '96 bites the dust. But for the intervention of the faculty, '96 would have been wiped from the face of the earth and '97 would have had blood stains on its hands.

With the fear and reverence we had aroused in the '96s, we came to our Junior year, which will always be remembered as the most thrilling year in history of the High School.

While Fort Wayne was celebrating her Centennial, we decided to take a hand in the matter. Accordingly, a large tally-ho was procured and gorgeously decorated with '97 bunting. People of all nationalities and from all parts of the world stood amazed at the brilliant sight; and, not knowing our vocal power, we informed them of it by a mighty yell.

An old pioneer who was standing near by said timidly to a person next to him, “I have heard Indian war whoops and blood curdling death yells, but never before have I heard the equal of this.”

Not long after this event, again five '97 youths scaled the walls of the gloomy building during the still night. Scarlet and Black streamers were flung to the breeze, and, that no mortal hand might ever reach them, the ladder in the tower was drawn up and the trap door nailed shut. While they were at work, a dream came upon the slumbering janitor; in his sleep he saw the boys at work upon the tower. Urged by his sense of duty he whispered softly to Diana, who was on her way to have a skate at the reservoir, to go to the school house and undo the work. Astonished at the audacity of the mortal, she was about to pierce him with one of her arrows when she noticed that he was asleep. Then, moved by curiosity so common to her sex, she betook herself to the school and viewed our streamers.

"Ah," she sighed, "how beautiful! This, indeed, is too fair for mortals to possess, it must surely have been put up here as an offering to Jupiter, and so I will take it to him that I may win his good favor." Thus it was that mortal eyes never fell upon those streamers.

But not long afterward the Scarlet and Black came forth in a different manner. On one of those beautiful spring days last year, bent on a botanizing expedition, we appeared on the campus wearing scarlet and black sweaters. '96 with open mouths stared blankly at us, and got in our road until ordered into school by the principal. The '98s aspired to imitate us; a few months afterward they came forth in strange, foreign looking garments. They said they were sweaters,—may heaven forgive them for it.

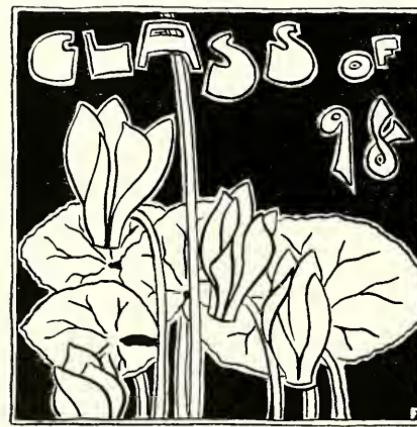
On graduation night we again opened the eyes of our school mates by appearing in white duck trousers and blue serge coats. For once '96 was proud of us. They were delighted to think that we were ushering at their commencement exercises. Of the awful "crime" we committed that night, we need not here speak, an account of it may be found elsewhere in this book.

But now the time is approaching when '97 will bid farewell to the High School, where it has been the chief object of interest, and the soul and spirit of school life.

Our term has been served. Our sentence has expired. Soon we will separate, some will go one way, some another. But never in the coming years will we forget each other; never will we forget our achievements; never will we forget the High School; but we will always look back proudly to that place where once we thronged, and above which ever floated triumphantly "*The Scarlet and the Black*."

HISTORIAN.





Juniors.

MOTTO:—“*Principes sumus qui possint sequantur.*”

CLOTH FLOWER:—Red and White Roses.

COLORS:—Maroon and White,

YELL—*Rickety-rackety-rix, rah, room,
Zickety-zackety-white and maroon,
Blickety-blackety-siz-boom bah !
Ninety-eight ! Ninety-eight !
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !*

OFFICERS.

NORMAN EURY OLDS,	President.
MARIAN AGNES WEBB,	Vice-President.
A. JAY READ,	Secretary.
DAISY DELIA DAVIS,	Treasurer.
MARGARET HAMILTON WAGENHALS,	Poet.
HELENE MAE REITZE,	Historian.
*GUY “SMILES” LONGACRE,	“Infant Prodigy.”

* Not elected but so fit for the place that he should not be left out.

'98 History.

THE task of writing the history of the class of '98 is prodigious, in as much as its undertakings, triumphs, and accomplishments—all of which would be of much interest to the public and of great historical value—are numberless. However, as it would be impossible to relate the whole story of its brilliant (1) career up to the present time, we will endeavor to set forth (in a modest manner, as is our wont) the main historical facts. (2).

In the spring of the year eighteen hundred and ninety-four, the teachers of each and every school in the city bade a fond and tearful farewell to the scholars who had from childhood been the pride of their hearts, and who were now to leave them to enter a broader field—a field from which these fond teachers foresaw that they would depart in triumph with an admiring world at their feet.

In the fall of the same year, with a blithesome heart and a determined will, the class of '98 entered the Freshman class of Fort Wayne High School. In the first place, we had the honor—an honor that had been reserved for some years that it might be conferred upon us—of being the first Freshman class to occupy the third floor of the building. (3). It was thought best by the Superintendent and by other officials, that our class should remain in one vast body to startle and confound (4) those who might come from abroad to gaze at a class which, even at this early date, had gained so much renown. It is needless to say that we passed this term with much credit to ourselves, reverencing the Seniors, cherishing an undying love for the Juniors, but not unjustly disdaining the Sophomores. However, there never was an outbreak between the two classes—let it be added, this was through no fault of the Sophomores, as they, seeing in us a dangerous rival, often endeavored to harass us, but were at all times unsuccessful. (5).

1. As a charcoal fire.

2. i.e. Fancies.

3. In other words—the garret.

4. Investigation proves that they were consigned to the hay loft for the reason that babies are forever getting in the road of grown persons.

5. The truth of the matter is that we were requested to treat the youngsters gently, for tender bones break easily.

Then came our term as "Sophs," the envious called us conceited; but that, of course, was because they recognized our extraordinary ability (6) and thought that conceit would necessarily follow. It was at the beginning of the term that the class was truly organized and the glorious colors, maroon and white, were chosen as the class emblem. (7). The most solemn (8) ceremonies were performed, binding the members to honor and to protect this sacred emblem through life. But we cannot pause long over this period, (9) for following fast came our course as Juniors.

What class could soar higher than '98 as Juniors? However high it might have flown, there is no class but what must still be content to stand below and gaze with longing eyes towards the heights they cannot ever hope to reach. (10). We will not stop to mention the petty annoyances from '97. Enough to say, this period has been taken up by a continuous struggle, if we may call it such,—a struggle in which '98 naturally always fared the better. (11). During this time a Basket Ball team was organized by the Junior girls, and also one by the boys. (12).

The achievements (13) of this class in its closing years (14) at High School will live forever in the memory of man, (15) inspiring succeeding classes with extra zeal and remaining the ideal towards which they will strive. At the close of its Senior term the class of '98 will reluctantly give the dominion it will have undoubtedly held (16) during the four years of its High School life into less competent hands. However, as Alumni, we may be able to lend a hand (17) towards guiding that great ship through the stern and tempestuous seas, through which we shall have so successfully passed (18) beneath the floating banner (19) of the Maroon and White.

HISTORIAN.

6. The fact that this history was written on a windy day, by an open window, will explain the presence of such windy statements.

7. '98 got some sweaters late in the year, and so changed their colors at that time to make them correspond to the sweaters. At the time mentioned in the history their colors were heliotrope and gold.

8. Meetings were held in the large room under Mr. Lane's eye, for the purpose of maintaining order.

9. As there is nothing to mention.

10. Reader will recall "windy day" explanation above.

11. Time to smile.

12. We urge you to read again this last line. It states the one and only thing '98 ever did. Paste it in your hat.

13. This word should be read in the singular number, and "act" would be in much better taste. Basket Ball team is the only possible thing that can be referred to.

14. "Closing years" signifies that it will take some time for them to graduate. Evidently regular promotion is neither expected nor hoped for.

15. "In the memory of a man," i.e., the junior.

16. Future perfect tense. An action yet to come off.

17. "Lend a hand"—only modest words in this history. Mark them carefully.

18. Future perfect tense again. Take note.

19. This does not refer to a fire sale advertisement, although the colors suggest it.

CONCLUDING NOTE.—Read the first paragraph again and try to recall any passage in the history where one of the "numerless undertakings, triumphs and accomplishments," is spoken of. No doubt the "windy day" explains also the first paragraph, for we cannot think that the claiming historian was dreaming. On the contrary she is the brightest and most wide awake member of the class.



Sophomores.

MOTTO:—"Nothing is impossible to industry."

COLORS:—Purple and Gold.

*YELL—Rah-re ! Rah-re !
Cling, cling, clang !
Zipple-tipple, zipple-tipple,
Zip-boom-bang !
Clickety-chick ! Clickety-clack !
Sis-boom-Ah !
'99 ! '99 !
Rah-Who-Rah !*

OFFICERS.

GORDON D. EVELAND,	President.
HELEN MOHR,	Vice-President.
FRED W. KNATZ,	Secretary.
LILLIAN ORTMAN,	Treasurer.
LILLIAN E. LAUFERTY,	Poet.
HORACE McCULLOCH,	Historian.
D. BURNS DOUGLASS,	Sergeant-at-Arms.
HIERMAN ROLF,	Mascot.

'99 History.



ENTERING our Sophomore year, the class of '99 was without a class organization. Numerous clubs had been formed the year previous by members of the class, but nothing, however, in the nature of a class society. On the afternoon of September 11th, 1896, a meeting was called, officers were elected, colors were chosen, and a committee was appointed to draw up a constitution. The constitution with by-laws was duly presented to and accepted by the class. The committee on colors, being of an artistic turn of mind, selected blue and green as class colors; but they were later changed to purple and gold; and the motto, "Nothing is impossible to industry," was adopted.

Our honored president, Mr. Eveland, suggested that a debating society be formed, consisting of the members of the class. So from a few words by our president, a debating society was formed, from whose ranks, statesmen are expected to issue. After a debate on the money question, the class decided that they would rather be Senators than mere onlookers in a debating society, so the debating society was changed into a Senate, each member of the class representing a state. The debated question is put in the form of a bill, and after the debate by the chosen speakers, each Senator is allowed to speak on the subject, (that is, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Douglass speak, and by the time they are through it is time to go home,) and then the bill is put to a formal vote.

But life as a Sophomore is too much of a snap! Lessons fail to furnish enough material for contemplation, and foreign ideas often pierce the thick skulls of that specimen of humanity. On the 17th day of February, in the year of our Lord, 1897, Mr. D. Burns Douglass grasped an idea! This was such an unusual event that it was at once ordered recorded in the minutes of the class. It marks an epoch in the annals of '99. Here it is: D. Burns, percieved that the class was ready for a revolution. He imparted this idea to a few chosen confederates, and by the promise of offices and of strict adherence to the motto, "To the victor belongs the spoils," he enlisted a number of Senators on his side. This was all kept a secret for fear of the awful punishment which was meted out to traitors.

At last the time arrived for the second "Boston Tea Party." On the night of February 25th, the army, whose rank and file consisted of verdant Freshmen, led by the rebellious Senators, met and organized a plan of battle. Early on the evening of the 29th, rations were dealt out for an extended siege. About 7:00 o'clock the mock trial of the class of '99 vs. Jno. S. Johnson, for embezzlement, commenced by Sheriff Porter escorting the fragile prisoner to the prisoner's box. This solemn march was performed with great dignity, for which "Deacon" Porter is well known. After "Judge" Douglass, the prosecuting attorney, had put two witnesses for the class on the stand, "Col." Rolfe and "Senator" McCulloch came forward for the defense. After much discussion, Senator Douglass discovering that it was long after bed time, rose majestically and began to address the President. Words flowed forth in a manner which would have turned a Senior green with envy; and Senator Douglass, seeing he could not gain his point by words, determined to use force. He remembered his patient army which lay encamped near at hand, which had been waiting for the signal for many hours. But fate was against him! The Senator from New York (Mr. Johnson) was having a debate with himself. He had been offered a position in the cabinet if he would aid in the revolution, and, spurred on by the thoughts of how well he would fill the Janitor's chair, and also by his thirst for revenge on account of his embezzlement trial, he was fast deciding to help overthrow the government. But patriotism came to his rescue. While the Senator from Alaska (Mr. Douglass) was marching his army "on to the citidel," duty overcame ambition in the ample heart of the Senator from New York and he gallantly saved the day. At the head of the rest of the Senate, he charged on the Freshman host, and routed them with great slaughter. Douglass was heard to remark as he went flying out of the front door :

"The King of France went out to fight
With thirty-thousand men,
He first marched up the High School stairs,
And then marched (?) down again."

Thus ended the first Sophomore rebellion. Mr. Douglass has not yet been executed, but it is understood that he will be suspended indefinitely, at the first opportunity.

Long live Johnson! Long live our glorious class!

"For what would the '99 class do,
If Johnson were not there?"

HISTORIAN.



freshmen.—

MOTTO:—"So very green that cows will make cuds of us before long."

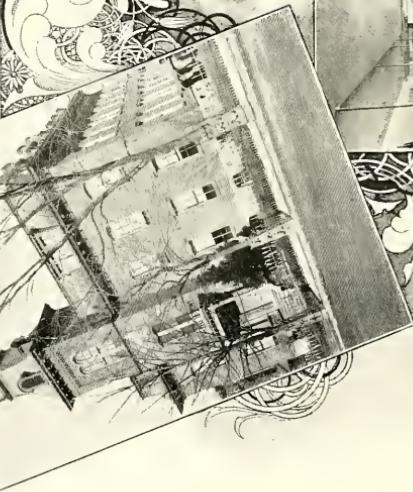
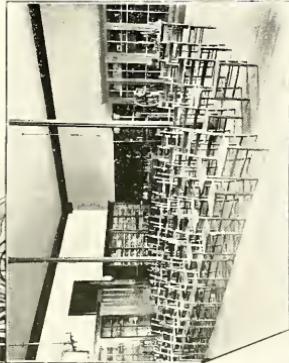
CLASS FLOWER:—Mushroom.

CLASS COLORS:—Three Shades of Green.

CLASS YELL:—Unheard of.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT,	}	Pro tem. Our Papas and Mammas.
VICE-PRESIDENT,		
SECRETARY,		
TREASURER,		
HISTORIAN,		



A Chat About the High School.

IN September, 1879, the writer came to Fort Wayne as principal of the High School. In the eighteen years since then many changes have been wrought in the body and spirit of the school, but the building that sheltered it then shelters it still. When we have acknowledged and duly expressed our gratitude for shelter we have discharged our chief obligation to the building. Mark Hopkins behind the desk and a hundred Garfields in the seats could not generate a spirit that would transform the old brick walls and clothe them with grace and beauty, could not lessen the slope of the stairways or widen the halls, or enlarge the floor space. More now than twenty years ago our quiet academic air is disturbed by rattling carts, creaking street cars, screaming whistles, squealing fifes and rolling drums. The calliope of the circus procession, the negro minstrel band, and the patriotic racket of political parades, unite, or at any rate contribute, to train us to concentration of thought in spite of distracting influences. Whatever may be our spiritual condition, our material environment abides to hamper our efforts and mortify our pride. If we have resisted the law of adaptation to environment, it is only another instance of the triumph of mind over matter. Marble walls and fluted columns do not, it is true, make a school, but light and ventilation, well arranged laboratories, reading rooms and apparatus are essential to a modern school of the first rank, and though good work may be done and often has been without these advantages, it is done with a percentage of loss in efficiency. Our star of hope shines bright, however. The school authorities are keenly alive to our needs and are studious of ways and means to supply our ripe wants. In the not remote future we may reasonably expect a building that will be a credit to the city and worthy of the school.

Eighteen years ago there were four teachers in the High School, including the principal, besides the special teachers of music, drawing, and reading, who each gave a portion of their time to the High School. The total enrollment for the years ending in June, 1877, 1878, 1879 and 1880, was 105, 110, 119 and 112 respectively. The teaching force at present numbers ten, exclusive of special teachers, and the total enrollment for the current year is 360. A considerable part of the increase in number is due to the transfer of the ninth grade to the High School in September, 1889. But the increase is a fact and has compelled the expulsion of the little people who used to occupy the first floor, while serving as practice material for the training school, and the transformation of the "attic," into an assembly room with adjoining recitation rooms for one hundred and

sixty pupils. Everywhere in nature the forcing of old organs to perform new functions is a painful process and is sometimes seriously detrimental to the bodily health of the organism. The expulsion of the little people from the first floor and the remodeling of the "attic," at first gave us room enough, but the natural increase of seven years has again made us too large for our clothes. It is said that in the good old days when public office was a private plum, the politicians crowded so many of their favorites into the treasury department that the workers had not elbow room. A platform was accordingly built about ten feet from the floor whereon the idlers sat while the necessary employees did their work. Unless relieved in some other way we shall have to come to some similar arrangement.

Excluding the increase due to the transfer above mentioned, and taking as a base the total enrollment for the year ending June, 1880, the increase at the High School has just about kept pace with the growth of the city in population. The writer recalls that in the spring of 1880 he presented to the then Board of Trustees an invincible argument to show why this transfer ought to be made. After allowing the argument to ripen for nine years, a period almost as long as the siege of Troy, their successors succumbed either to the cogency of that argument or to the pressure of a growing population upon the capacity of the ward buildings, and the change was made. Time is a powerful ally but a sorely trying one to those that cannot wait. This change made possible the lifting of the High School to a higher plane than it ever could have reached under the old arrangement. The course of study was lengthened by a year, and was strengthened and enriched in places where it had been weak and poor.

It is a notable fact that all men like to pose as successful prophets. Accordingly the writer is gratified that the prophecy that was spoken by him was fulfilled, in that the percentage of boys in the total enrollment of the High School has steadily increased since the above mentioned transfer and is now eleven per cent greater than it then was. This increase in the percentage of boys and the growing tenacity with which pupils stick to the school, and repair a failure of one year by repeating the work the next are very gratifying facts.

In the Senior class at the opening of school in September, 1879, there were two boys. One of them evaporated during the year and the remaining lad was 5 5-9 per cent. of his class on the evening of graduation. The next year two boys were 13-3 per cent. of their class, and the next, six boys were 37 1/2 per cent. of the total. In 1887 the percentage of boys jumped to 45, a figure seldom reached in the graduating class of any High School. It fell, however, to zero in 1890, when we graduated a class of twenty-nine handsome girls, who were with difficulty restrained from adopting as their class motto the very appropriate sentiment, "The time hath need of men." Since 1890 the boys have insisted on a fair representation in the graduating classes and twice have climbed to 33 1/3 per cent., while this year they are again near high water mark at 40 per cent.

As throwing light on the proportional enrollment of boys in the graduating classes of our High Schools, the following figures taken from the report of the United States Commissioner of Education may be of interest. The last published report

is for the year 1895. For that year the percentage of boys in the graduating class in Anderson was 52, (in 1894 it was 29), in Bloomington 28, in Cambridge City 40, in Elkhart $12\frac{1}{2}$, in Indianapolis 29, in Lafayette 27, in New Castle 8, in Richmond 44, in Wabash 40, in Crawfordsville 9, in Marion 20, in Terre Haute 29, in Hyde Park, Chicago, $27\frac{1}{2}$; in Springfield $43\frac{1}{2}$, (in 1894 23), in Council Bluffs 43, (in 1894 36), in Des Moines 30, in Dubuque 33, in Dayton $33\frac{1}{2}$, in Grand Rapids 34, in Kansas City 27, in St. Paul 39. The percentage varies considerably from year to year, as might naturally be expected and is greater in rural towns where boys find fewer opportunities for what seems to them profitable employment. But almost uniformly the girls are in a large majority. This fact and the eager rush of young women to the colleges and universities, together with the remarkable women's club movement of recent years, indicate something like an intellectual renaissance among women. Young men must bestir themselves, or like the stupid but faithful attendant of Ganymedes, when that youth was caught aloft by Jove's eagle, they will be left to gaze in beloved astonishment while women in shining robes disappear above the summit of Parnassus. Some churlish men may growl "There's comfort yet. Women cannot vote. For that crowning privilege she must coax yet a little longer." The writer does not share in this feeling. The situation of intellectual and cultivated women without the ballot is too much like that of unhappy Cassandra. Everybody knows how that unfortunate young woman loved Apollo and recanted, and how the jealous deity left her for punishment his gift of prophecy, since he could not recall it, but took from men the power of belief in her prophetic insight. What could be more exquisitely cruel! Henceforth, though she might clearly discern the approach of the awful forms of fate, she was powerless to avert from those she loved the impending stroke. But this is a digression.

Perhaps the most striking changes in the High School are traceable to the inrushing of what we may call the modern spirit. Up to within the last four or five years we have been a very quiet and conservative school. To-day we challenge the world to produce a school with a greater variety of organizations or more kinds of class yell than ours. We have an Athletic Association with all that is implied, we have musical societies galore. Some new colors will have soon to be invented, for we have about exhausted the possible combinations of the old ones. We have small clubs and large ones, clubs for social purposes and clubs with intellectual ambitions, and we have a vigorous and flourishing debating society, and last but not least we have a Greek Letter Fraternity. Take us for all in all we think we are alive and we have no doubt the public thinks so too—sometimes

CHESTER T. LANE.

An Odd Adventure.

I HAD just indulged in one of J. McKinley Connelly's great 25c regular suppers, and sat in my room in shirt sleeves and slippers, lazily puffing an F. G. cigar. It was along about that time of the evening when one feels pretty comfortable towards most of his neighbors, and as if he and the other fellow he is with, are about two of the cleverest people of his acquaintance. I had been up late the night previous and was somewhat drowsy, and as I sat there I was startled by a voice at the door saying, "Open, else I forget." Fearing that he would forget to come in, I hastily opened the door and there, bowing and smiling, was an enormous Sunfish. He had on a red necktie, parted his hair in the middle, and had a sprinkling can in each ear. He was smoking Sweet Caporal Cigarettes, three at a time, and politely beckoned me to follow. As we came out into the hall, I took another and closer look at him, and saw that his attire was complete with a life preserver, blowers, and rubber boots, and suspended around his neck was a marble-top washstand. He led me to a window, and outside he had hung on the blinds a large hole. Still silent, he got in and sat down and motioned me to follow, which I did. Then we began to sink, slowly at first, and then faster and faster, until we had to hold on to the sides of the hole to keep from falling out. Shortly we bumped into a shadow and both fell out. It was very dark, and every way I started I ran into something. "Why don't you strike a light?" I angrily demanded. Then, for the first time, he spoke. "What for?" "So I can see," I replied. "O, you are nearsighted," he said, "you must walk on your hands and then you can see where you are going." That seemed a sensible suggestion and I acted on it and got on much better. I saw a lot of other people, and all were walking on their hands, and I asked the Fish if all were nearsighted. "O, no, some are nearsighted and some have chilblains." "Well, why do you wear that life preserver and those boots?" I then asked. "You can't tell when it is going to rain in here," was his answer. "Well, what's the matter with an umbrella then?" "Why the land is so poor that you couldn't raise an umbrella on it." His answers were extraordinary but always all right, and I thought I would ask him no more questions, so we started on and soon came into a large forest. I was astonished at the height of the trees and remarked it. "Yes," observed Mr. Fish, "those trees are tall. It takes two persons to see to the top of them. One com-

mences where the other stops. Now I'll look up to the first limb and you look from there on and then you can see the top." I did as directed and found it a very good way to look at things at a great distance. Just in front of us was a small lake, and with a "Just tell them that you saw me," Mr. Sunfish stepped in. I started to follow him, but he quickly pulled the lake in after him and stood there and gave me the laugh. This disgusted me and I started to go back; but right in my path and coming toward me at a frightful pace was a monstrous germ, with chest lifted, and well poised on the balls of its feet. It had curly teeth, its eyes hung out like loose overcoat buttons, and its rent was due. Fearing germicide, I climbed the nearest sunbeam and squatted there to await developments. The germ leaned up against the sunbeam, and pulling out a few bars of "Only One Girl in This World for Me," slowly devoured it. I feared starvation, and began to search my thoughts for a bite to eat. I found one bean, and in my nervous haste dropped it. It immediately took root and grew, and I had just time to gather a half bushel of beans as the vine shot by me. I loaded my gun with them and shot the germ full of them. Of course they did not hurt him much, but pretty soon it rained and the beans began to swell. I got down. "Hello," said a familiar voice, and I turned and saw my old friend Mr. Fish sitting on the edge of a smile with his feet hanging down. "Where have you been?" I said. "Been to the Staff meeting." "What Staff?" "The *Eniauton* Staff." "What have you to do with that?" "Why, I am the *Sprinkling-can Editor*." What's that?" "Why I water the jokes so that they won't get dry and blow awa—."

"Fire! Fire!" yelled a voice, and I awoke and found the carpet afire. I had dropped my cigar, and the newspapers lying on the floor had ignited. But my hands ached all the next day from walking on them.

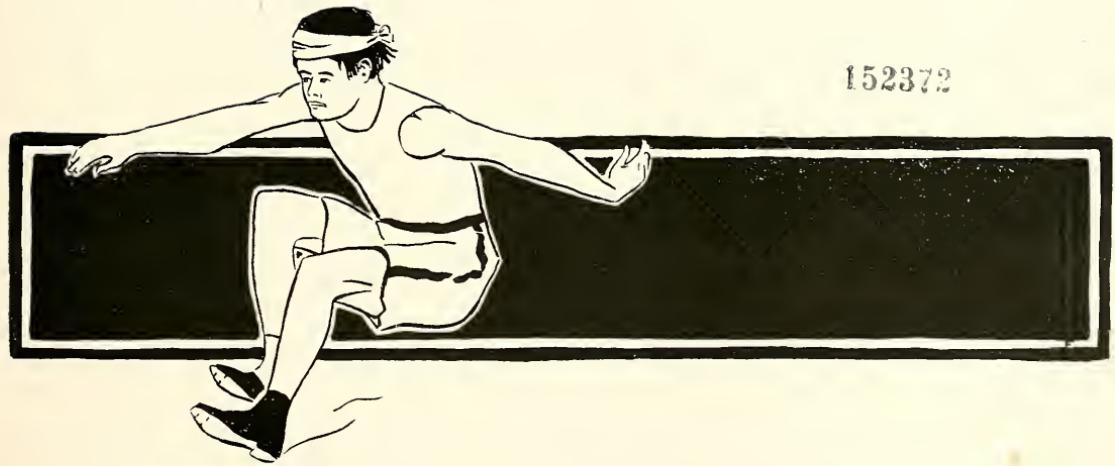


Almost, Not Quite.

'Twas a moonlight night,
The stars were bright,
The electric light burned low.
He sat on the porch by her charming side,
A mosquito round her arm it fled.
And he flopped it off—just so!
He longed to rest his lips on hers, right there;
He looked around, but he did not dare,
As the electric light began to flare.
 Oh! Oh!

Said he, "Some time when it's a cloudy night,
When the stars are gone, and the electric light
Is not burning just so bright,
And the moon is gone,—
 Almost, not quite,
 Then Oh! Oh!"
And she murmured,
"Then Oh! Oh!"

Just then a cloud sailed into sight
And hid from them the stars so bright,
And the moon, almost—not quite,
 Then Oh! Oh!
His arm stole round her waist so tight,
His lips touched hers, almost—not quite,
Then the cloud, it sailed away from sight.
 Oh! Oh!



152372

High School Amateur Athletic Association.

Third Annual Field Day.

Centlivre's Park, Friday, May 22, 1896.

REFEREE.

PROF. LOVELESS.

JUDGES.

A. L. RANDALL.

JNO. M. CROWE.

PROF. A. B. CROWE.

TIMERS.

ED. C. MILLER.

PROF. H. G. WISE.

STARTER.

ARTHUR JONES.

ANNOUNCER.

W. M. BAXTER.

SCORER.

O. A. GOFF.

CLERKS OF COURSE.

WILLIAM A. JOHNSON.

JAMES M. HAMILTON.

HANDICAPPER.

ROBERT A. BRADLEY.

Athletics.

UPON comparing modern athletics with the athletic contests of the ancient Greeks and Romans, we see that the two are not so different as one would suppose, considering the time that has elapsed since the ancient Greeks contended for the laurel crown in the Olympic Games, and the fierce and warlike Romans proved their strength and skill in the circus maximus before the admiring gaze of the pleasure loving populace. At that time the sturdy Greek and Roman athletes worked as hard, and were as eager to obtain the coveted sprig of laurel, as the average American youth of the present day is to win the golden badge which shows his physical superiority over his companions.

Thus we see that athletic contests are not of modern origin, but have for many hundred years been an important factor in the lives of most young men who are sensible enough to be interested in their physical as well as mental development. For it has been plainly demonstrated that neither one can exist without the other; though if one of these qualities had to be dispensed with, it is very evident that mental ability would have to be the one. So take heed, you who are so unlucky as to read this, and if it be not too late, do not neglect your physical well being.

Athletics in the Fort Wayne High School have been very successful, both financially and from an athletic point of view. We now hold the High School State record for hammer throw and quarter mile walk, and our other records are well up to the average.

We have now under consideration a proposition to become a member of the State League of Amateur Athletic Associations, which the High Schools of the state are endeavoring to form. State meets are to be held every year, in which the best athletes of the different schools that are members of the league will contest. Prizes will be given each year to the winners of the events, which will mark the possessor as the High School champion of the state in the event or events which he wins. This league would certainly be a good thing, as it would be the greatest possible inducement for hard training, and consequently the lowering of records in all the High Schools.

The F. W. H. S. A. A. was formed in 1894, and has had three very successful meets. All the contests on Field Day have been held at the half mile track in Centlivre's Park, which the Centlivre Bros. have so kindly given us the privilege of using. We intend to make the Field Day of '97 the most successful one yet held, and to this end we ask for the co-operation of all who are interested in athletics. If you are not interested, become interested. Remember, fathers and mothers, that you were boys and girls yourselves once; so give us the encouragement of your attendance at the High School Field Day, and we will assure you an enjoyable afternoon.

Thanks are due to the merchants of Fort Wayne, who have so kindly donated our prizes, and to Prof. Loveless of the Y. M. C. A., who has so willingly assisted us in our endeavors to make the annual Field Day a success in every way.



Records of the Fort Wayne High School Athletic Association.

EVENT.	TIME.	YEAR.	NAME.
50 yard dash.....	6 sec.....	1894.....	E. King, '94
100 yard dash.....	11 sec.....	1896.....	Greenick, '96
220 yard dash.....	24 3-5 sec.....	1896.....	Stonecifer, '96
440 yard dash.....	58 2-5 sec.....	1896.....	Stonecifer, '96
Half mile run	2 min. 34 sec.....	1895.....	D. McDonald, '96
One mile run	5 min. 35 sec.....	1895.....	D. McDonald, '96
120 yard hurdle.....	20 1-4 sec.....	1895.....	Orff, '97
Quarter mile walk	1 min. 51 sec.....	1895.....	Crim, '97
Potato race.....	1 min. 15 sec.....	1895.....	Bursley, '95
Obstacle race.....	25 sec.....	1895.....	Bursley, '95
One mile bicycle race	2 min. 45 sec.....	1895.....	Hayden, '96
DISTANCE.			
Running high jump	4 ft. 10 1/2 in.....	1896.....	Keil, '98
Running hop, step and jump.....	38 ft.....	1896.....	Stonecifer, '96
Standing hop, step and jump.....	27 ft. 2 1/2 in.....	1896.....	Stonecifer, '96
Running broad jump.....	18 ft.....	1895.....	Orff, '97
Standing broad jump.....	8 ft. 10 in.....	1895.....	F. Davis, '95
Throwing hammer.....	95 ft. 8 in.....	1895.....	Jno. Bass, Jr., '98
Putting shot.....	39 ft. 6 in.....	1895.....	Jno. Bass, Jr., '98
Throwing base ball.....	306 ft. 6 in.....	1895.....	Orff, '97
Throwing foot ball.....	105 ft. 7 in.....	1895.....	McDonald, '96

Events.

100 YARDS DASH.

A. A. GREENICK, First.

H. L. STONECIFER, Second.

Time, 11 seconds.

THROWING BASE BALL.

A. A. GREENICK, First.

FRED SCHULTZ, Second.

Distance, 293 feet 11 inches.

STANDING HOP-STEP-AND-JUMP.

H. L. STONECIFER, First.

A. A. GREENICK, Second.

Distance, 27 feet 2 inches.

220 YARDS DASH.

H. L. STONECIFER, First.

A. A. GREENICK, Second.

Time, 24 3-5 seconds.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

BEN KEIL, First.

HARRY McMILLEN, Second.

Distance, 4 feet 10 1/2 inches.

ONE MILE BICYCLE (H. S. HANDICAP.)

H. W. CROXTON, (150 yards,) First.

NEIL SMITH, Scratch, Second.

Time, 2 minutes 45 3-5 seconds.

ONE-HALF MILE RUN.

H. L. STONECIFER, First.

A. A. GREENICK, Second.

Time, 2 minutes 8 2-5 seconds.

100 YARDS DASH (OPEN) HANDICAP.

W. H. CRIM, (3 yards,) First.

ROBERT ORFF, (3 yards,) Second.

Time, 10 4-5 seconds.

POTATO RACE.

BEN KEIL, First.

JAS. WILSON, Second.

Time, 1 minute 18 seconds.

PUTTING 16 POUND SHOT.

FRED SCHULZ, First.

H. L. STONECIFER, Second.

Distance, 32 feet 6 inches.

440 YARDS DASH.

H. L. STONECIFER, First.

W. H. CRIM, Second.

Time, 58 2-5 seconds.

120 YARD HURDLE.

A. A. GREENICK, First.

HARRY MCMILLEN, Second.

THROWING HAMMER.

H. L. STONECIFER, First.

FRED SCHULZ, Second.

Distance, 83 feet.

RUNNING HOP-STEP-AND-JUMP.

H. L. STONECIFER, First.

A. A. GREENICK, Second.

Distance, 37 feet 11½ inches.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

H. L. STONECIFER, First.

A. A. GREENICK, Second.

Distance, 15 feet 2½ inches.

ONE MILE RUN.

A. A. GREENICK, First.

CLYDE DRIESBACH, Second.

Time, 6 minutes 21 seconds.

ONE QUARTER MILE WALK.

W. H. CRIM, First.

H. L. STONECIFER, Second.

Time, 2 minutes 7 4-5 seconds.





foot Ball Team of '96.

LEE F. HARTMAN, '97,

Manager.

HERBERT W. LANG, '97,

Captain.

FRED SCHULZ, '98,	Centre.	NORMAN E. OLDS, '98,	Left End.
JOHN JOHNSON, '99,	Left Guard.	CLYDE DRIESBACH, '97,	Right End.
SAM GIBSON, '99,	Right Guard.	HERBERT LANG, '97,	Quarter Back.
ALFRED KANE, '00,	Left Tackle.	RALPH E. YARNELLE, '97,	Left Half Back.
GEORGE McDONALD, '97,	Right Tackle.	THOMAS DAVIS, '96,	Right Half Back.
WILLIAM A. JOHNSON, '97,		Full Back.	

SUBSTITUTES.

SIMMERS, '99.

NEWTON, '00.

HOPKINS, '00.

ROLF, '99.

Foot Ball.

THE subject of Foot Ball in High School is one in the discussion of which it is not likely that any two High Schools would agree. The reason for this is that the attendance in the different High Schools of the country varies so greatly, and the esteem in which the game is held by the inhabitants of the various towns is so widely different. Some schools have all the facilities for a successful foot ball season; principal among which are good material for a team, or rather two teams, and an interested and appreciative public. One who has never tried can not imagine the trials and troubles connected with forming, training and maintaining a foot ball team throughout a season in a place where there is little or no choice of material.

The attendance at the Fort Wayne High School has never been up to the standard set by High Schools in cities of equal size. Therefore the teams which the High School of Fort Wayne has produced have not been what could be called winning teams. I might mention as an exception to this statement, the team of '95. It alone gave evidence of its ability to rise above mediocrity.

The first team which is worthy of record, was formed in 1893, with Clifford Wallace as captain. Only one game was played, that with Kendallville, which resulted in a victory for Fort Wayne. Score, 18 to 0.

In 1894 a team was organized, with Alfred Cressler as manager and Fred Shoaff as captain. Upon the resignation of the latter, Donald McDonald was elected to fill his place. Only two games were played, both with Kendallville, Fort Wayne winning easily.

In 1895 there emanated from the Fort Wayne High School a team which was an honor to the institution, and on whose exploits those interested in foot ball, and particularly High School foot ball, look back with pride. During the fall of '95 the team met stronger opposition on the gridiron than any previous team had had to contend with. Five hard battles were fought, resulting in two victories, two drawn games and one defeat. The Thanksgiving game, played here with Kendallville, was as

fine an exhibition of foot ball as was ever seen in Fort Wayne. It was bang and smash from beginning to end, and aroused the most intense enthusiasm among the large and appreciative audience. The battle raged for an hour and a half on a field which was covered with six inches of Lakeside mud. During the first half Fort Wayne had the best of it and the ball was continually in Kendallville's territory, and three times Fort Wayne came within half a yard of scoring, but their hopes were dashed to the earth by the sturdy players from Kendallville. In the second half Kendallville forced the play, but again the players from Kendallville High School were destined to fail in their efforts to down the wearers of the white and blue. As the game drew to a close Kendallville gradually forced Fort Wayne back until they were within a yard of their coveted goal. The excitement was intense: Three times the heavy Kendallville full-back rammed our line, and three times we held like a stone wall. On the fourth down the Kendallville half-back was sent around the end as a last chance. But, alas, it was a mistake. He was tackled hard and low behind the line, the ball went to Fort Wayne and the game was ended. This closed the most successful season in the history of foot ball in Fort Wayne High School.

In '96 a team was organized with H. W. Lang as captain and L. F. Hartman as manager, but material was sadly lacking and players from the city team had to be called upon. Only one game was played. This was played with Huntington, at that place. Fort Wayne wiped out the disgrace of the year before by defeating Huntington. Score, 6 to 4.

Our attempts to secure a game with Kendallville were unsuccessful, and, although on one occasion two crack players were hired by Kendallville to play against us in a game at Fort Wayne, they were unable to come, assumedly because they could not get a team together. The support of the people of Fort Wayne has been very discouraging in the past with regard to athletics in general and foot ball in particular; but they are at length awakening to a new interest in High School athletics, and we sincerely hope that the foot ball teams of the future will have better success than has been allotted to those in the past.







Junior Basket Ball Team.

Organized,
NOVEMBER 1st, 1896.

Quarters,
"HACKETT HALL."

Colors,
WHITE AND MAROON.

OFFICERS.

A. JAY READ,	President.
KELSEY FITCH,	Secretary and Treasurer.
WALTER GRIFFITHS,	Captain.
NORMAN E. OLDS,	Manager.
PHILIP E. BURSLEY,	Referee.

MEMBERS.

WALTER GRIFFITHS,
KELSEY FITCH,
PAUL HOPKINS,
JAY READ,
GEORGE PRESSLER,
PAUL DETZER,
WILBUR CARPENTER,
WALTER STUTZ,

CENTERS	NORMAN OLDS.
GUARDS	HARRY McMILLEN. EDWIN FOX.
FORWARDS	DORRIS MUIRHEAD. CHAS. NEWTON. CHAS. BRACKENRIDGE.
GOALS	ALFRED KANE. BEN BELL.

Girls Basket Ball Team.

Colors:—Blue and White.

Quarters:—Hackett Hall.

BLUES.

HELEN RIDDLE, Captain,	Goals . . .	LEAH TENNANT.
MINNIE ARNOLD,		CATHERINE WAGENHALS.
ANNA JONES,		LORA WALTERS.
ZELLA EVANS,	Centers . . .	MYRTLE MANWELL, Captain.
MARY SEATON,	Right Center . .	LEORA KANAGA.
FLORENCE GRIEBEL,	Left Center . .	GLADYS WILLIAMS.
MARY ALDERMAN,		MARGUERITE WAGENHALS.
GRACE BENOV,	Guards . . .	EVA ALBRIGHT.
LEVONIA WILLIAMS,		ANNA SINCLAIR.

WHITES.

Tournament Team.

MYRTLE MANWELL, Captain, Center.

ANNA JONES,	Goals . . .	LEAH TENNANT.
CATHERINE WAGENHALS,		MARY ALDERMAN.
HELEN RIDDLE,		MARGUERITE WAGENHALS.
ZELLA EVANS, Left Center.		Right Center, LORA WALTERS.

•ORGANIZATIONS•



Alumni Association of the Fort Wayne High School.

OFFICERS.

FREDERICK C. McCRAKEN, '96, President.

JAMES M. HAMILTON, '95, Vice-President.

BERTHA E. JACKSON, '95, Secretary and Treasurer.

Organized September 17, 1896.

'97 Quartet.

WALTER HENSHAW CRIM, First Tenor.

HERBERT WILSON LANG, Second Tenor.

EDWARD RALPH YARNELLE, First Bass.

CORNELIUS MARCELLUS SMITH, Second Bass.

During the past four years, numerous musical clubs and organizations have been formed in the High School, but for some reason these organizations have soon disappeared. However the school has, in the '97 Quartet, one club which has survived them all. The Quartet was organized in the summer of '95, and has participated in many entertainments since then.

During the fall of 1896, the "'97 Male Quartet," as the official quartet of the McKinley Cadets, became famous throughout the northern part of Indiana and Ohio. The song, "Working for McKinley," an original composition of the quartet's, made a phenomenal hit, and the services of the quartet was always in demand.

Devotees of Terpsichore.

OFFICERS.

GUY R. BELL, '97,	President.
EDWARD REITZE, '96,	Secretary and Manager.
DONALD J. HAYDEN, '96,	Treasurer.
R. A. BRADLEY,	Floor Manager.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

GUY R. BELL, '96.	HERBERT LANG, '97.	JOHN MORING, '95.
EDWARD REITZE, '96.		DONALD HAYDEN, '96.

MEMBERS.

FRED C. McCracken,	DONALD J. HAYDEN,	GEORGE P. McDONALD,
WALTER H. CRIM,	GUY R. BELL,	E. RALPH YARNELLE,
HERBERT W. LANG,	JOHN A. MORING,	ROBERT ORFF,
CHARLES LANG,	RALPH C. LANE,	HUGH W. CROXTON,
JAMES A. GOULD,	C. M. SMITH,	R. A. BRADLEY,
PHILIP E. BURSLEY,	EDWARD E. TAYLOR,	JNO. A. GEISMAR,
DELMAR C. FITCH,	CHAS. STRINGER,	LEE NINDE,
HUGH KEEGAN,	REGINALD P. DRYER,	EDWARD REITZE,
FRED M. GREGG,	HARVEY E. CRANE,	FRANK HOLSWORTH,
ART SMITH,	D. F. URBAHNS,	FREDERIC ASH,
PERCY OLDS,	FRED DEIHL.	

McKinley Cadets.

COLORS:—Blue, White, and Gold.

OFFICERS.

H. W. LANG, '97,	President.
E. P. YARNELLE, '97,	Vice-President.
W. H. CRIM, '97,	Secretary.
R. P. DRYER, '96,	Treasurer.
DONALD J. HAYDEN, '96,	Captain.
CORNELIUS M. SMITH, '97,	Lieutenant.

*YELL—Zickety Boom, Rah-rah ! Rah-rah !
Zickety Boom, Rah-rah ! Rah-rah !
Who, rah ! McKinley, Ah !
High School McKinley Club,—
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !*

At a mass meeting of the High School students on September 17, this organization was formed with a membership of fifty. Regular weekly meetings were held, and debates, speeches on the issues of the day by students and others, and music were features that made it attractive. After several changes, the name "High School McKinley Cadets," was chosen. It was one of the most conspicuous marching clubs in Fort Wayne, and acted as escort to all noted republican speakers who visited this city. The uniform was white duck trousers, blue coats, and gold standard hats. There is no doubt but that McKinley is greatly indebted to the club for his present seat in the presidential chair.

freshman Literary Club.

OFFICERS.

FLORENCE GRIEBEL,	President.
UNA HUNTER,	Vice-President.
ELSIE JACKSON,	Secretary and Treasurer.

MEMBERS.

LENA TERRY,	ELSIE JACKSON,	MAY FITCH,	LEAH COHEN,	UNA HUNTER,
JO. COX,	MARIAN BAKER,	MARY ALDERMAN,	GRACI MILLER.	

Who would dare propose omitting such an active club as this one has shown itself to be? Let us heartily encourage the literary spirit in the freshman class.

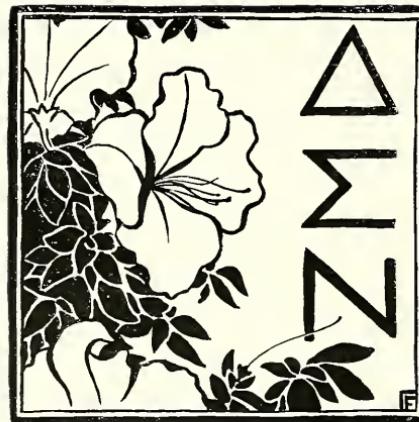
The club has immortalized their colors of delft blue and white; and if the pansy were not already immortal it certainly would be now for the club has selected that modest little flower as its emblem.

The Happy Six.

MEMBERS.

NELLIE CLARK,	BLANCHE COOMBS,	LIZZIE LAPP,	MATTIE GRAHAM,
MYRTLE HAINES,		MAUDE CLARK.	

It is a fact in history that, when a country is torn by civil dissensions, the people are, as a whole, made miserable. Such is generally the case with organizations as well; but the "Happy Six" is a shining exception. This club has had its troubles ever since the beginning of its existence; but at the present time it is made up of as "Happy" a band of girls as can be found.



Delta Sigma Nu.

FLOWER:—Meteor Carnation.

COLORS:—Olive Green and Wine.

CHAPTERS.

ALPHA—ANN ARBOR HIGH SCHOOL—ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Founded, 1891.

ALPHA OF INDIANA—FORT WAYNE HIGH SCHOOL—FORT WAYNE, IND.

Organized, January, 1895.

*YELL—Ring! Chang! Bang!
Kip! Rah! Ru!
Fort Wayne High School,
Delta Sigma Nu!*

The pin of *Delta Sigma Nu* is of gold, and is diamond shaped, with a raised oval center, the center being enamelled in white and black, and divided into three parts, with *Delta Sigma Nu* inlaid in gold.



Delta Sigma Nu.

Alpha of Indiana.

CHARTER MEMBERS.

ALFRED MURRAY CRESSLER, '95.

JOHN JACOB STAHL, '95.

FRED MORRISON GREGG, '97.

FREDERICK BARNETT SHOAFF, '95.

GUY REED BELL, '97.

GEORGE HALLIWAY CRESSLER, '96.

RONALD RANDOLPH PURMAN, '97.

JAMES MONTGOMERY HAMILTON, '95.

JOSEPH ALDRICH BURSLEY, '95.

DONALD MACDONALD, '96.

RALPH EMERSON CHAPIN, '95.

FRANK EDWIN DAVIS, '95.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

HUGH GLENN KEEGAN.

HARVEY EDSALL CRANE.

LEE JAMES NINDE.

EDWARD TOBIAS REITZE.

ALUMNI MEMBERS.

GEORGE HALLIWAY CRESSLER, '96.

FRANK EDWIN DAVIS, '95.

FREDERICK MORRISON GREGG, '97.

JAMES MONTGOMERY HAMILTON, '95.

JOHN JACOB STAHL, '95.

FREDERICK BARNETT SHOAFF, '95.

JOSEPH ALDRICH BURSLEY, '95.

ALFRED MURRAY CRESSLER, '95.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

GUY REED BELL, '97.

CHARLES DOUGLASS BARRETT, '97.

WALTER HENSHAW CRIM, '97.

HUGH WORTHINGTON CROXTON, '97.

PHILIP EVEREITE BURSLEY, '98.

GEORGE PERRY McDONALD, '97.

BENJAMIN RECTOR BELL, '93.

Sophomore Debating Society.

MOTTO:—"Nothing is impossible to industry."

COLOR.—Royal Purple and Gold.

OFFICERS.

GORDON D. EVELAND,	President.
HELEN MOHR,	Vice-President.
FRED KNATZ,	Secretary.
LILLIAN ORTMAN,	Treasurer.
D. BURNS DOUGLASS,	Sergeant-at-Arms.

Resolved. That Hawaii should be annexed to the United States.

AFFIRMATIVE.

Chief Disputant,	MYRA PELLENS.
Assistant Disputants,	LILLIAN ORTMAN. BERTHA WREIBKE.

NEGATIVE.

Chief Disputant,	MAE TOWER.
Assistant Disputants,	(ANNA MATCH. (LOUISE RASER.

To much credit cannot be given this active, energetic and aspiring debating society, for it is the first successful attempt to establish one of the kind.

The lyceum has proved to be a school for the development of oratory, philosophy, and in fact nearly all of the departments of knowledge accessible to its members. At the recent meetings of the society, some stirring debates have been held. The subjects of a few of them may be suggestive of the kind of work accomplished, as for example:

Resolved: "That Senator Lodge's Immigration Bill is a Wise Measure."

Resolved: "That Hawaii Should be Annexed to the United States."

Resolved: "That Observation is More Beneficial Than Reading."

A very unique idea presented itself to these brilliant workers, and they proceeded to carry it out. A mock trial was held, and was certainly deserving of credit, for its conductors made it a great success. A number of the young ladies, and no doubt gentlemen as well, were given an opportunity that they never had had previously. Both sides were strongly contested, and the details of the court room were carried out to perfection.

The president is an able and willing worker, and it is largely due to his persistent efforts that the lyceum has gained its ascendancy.

Junior Musical.

MOTTO:—"Progress is made by work alone, not by talking."—Mendelssohn.

COLORS:—Wine and Cream.

FLOWER:—The Carnation.

OFFICERS.

ETHELWYN TAYLOR,

President.

ETHEL SAYLOR,

Secretary.

ALMA PAUL,

Treasurer.

MEMBERS.

GERTRUDE BENKE.

ALMA PAUL.

LOTTA GEISMAR.

LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

ELSIE JACKSON.

MARIE McLAIN.

ETHEL SAYLOR.

ETHELWYN TAYLOR.

READA LAMLEY.

LAURA PELTIER.

FLORENCE SULLIVAN.

NELLIE LAWSON.

The Junior Musical was organized for the purpose of studying the lives of composers, and everything pertaining to music. It held its first meeting August 15, 1895, with Lotta Geismar, Ethel Saylor, Ethelwyn Taylor, and Nellie Lawson as charter members, while at the fourth election September 20, 1896, the club had increased to twelve members.

Meetings are held regularly every two weeks; the programs consist of papers and musical selections by members of the club. The program is followed by a social hour, during which the hostess provides light refreshments, of which the members partake freely.

During its organization the club has been asked to furnish programs at the numerous institutions of the city. These entertainments consist of choruses by the club, selections on several instruments, songs by the club quartet and solos, at which time all members endeavor to do their best.

This organization hopes that it may at a future day become a permanent and highly esteemed order and have perpetual prominence in the world's history. No doubt the celebrated *Eniauton* of '97 will have many successors, upon whose sacred pages the history of the Junior Musical will be recorded.





Ninety-Seven Octet.

COLORS :— Scarlet and Black.

OSCAR BROKAW, Manager.
E. RALPH YARNELLE, Leader.

MEMBERS.

FIRST MANDOLINS.

WALTER H. CRIM.

HUGH W. CROXTON.

GUITARS.

LEE F. HARTMAN.

CORNELIUS M. SMITH.

SECOND MANDOLINS.

E. RALPH YARNELLE. OSCAR BROKAW.

HERBERT W. LANG.

GEORGE P. McDONALD.

The "Ninety-Seven Octet," organized in the fall of '96, is composed of Seniors exclusively. When the Glee and Mandolin Club of '95-6 broke up, the school was without a musical organization, except the '97 Male Quartet, until the organization of the "Octet." The "Octet," which is the outgrowth of the Mandolin Club of the previous year, expects to give a concert before the close of school. Their many friends will then have an opportunity of witnessing their musical ability.

Strictly Up-to-Date.

To the Class of '99.

Could Cæsar visit once again this great terrestrial sphere,
He'd find that things had changed somewhat since last he sojourned here.
He'd find the world had much advanced since Brutus proved his foe,
He'd see, from wheels to telegrams, that things now all have "go."

If he could see Miss Up-to-Date, the fiend for basket ball,
He'd think, "Well, for an enemy she wouldn't do at all."
From his day he'd find girls had changed; the modern maid's athletic,
But in Rome's pride, her maidens all were quiet and aesthetic.

And could he see a camera, and the "snap-shot" it will take,
His eyes he'd rub, and wonder if he were wide awake,
And could he see a foot-ballist, and view his crop of hair,
J. Cæsar would soliloquize, "Great Jove, I have him there."

If Cæsar went to theatre and saw the actors great,
He'd think, "Well who could beat them as orators for state?"
Or could he hear De Reszke, or Melba, or Calve,
Julius, the man of great renown, would not know what to say.

If he picked the receiver up, and, "Number?" Central said,
Julius would think that something was the matter with his head.
And if an engine came to view, pulling a train of cars,
Cæsar must needs resort to slang, exclaiming, "Oh my stars!"

"Discern some future Prima Donne, perceive musicians fine,
And, I will recapitulate : Hurrah for Ninety-nine!"
If Cæsar could come back to earth these things he'd say and do:
I'd like to see and hear it all, now really wouldn't you?

CLASS POET.

And when he'd journeyed further west and viewed our fair Fort Wayne,
He'd seize his baggage and pell-mell he'd hurry from the train.
And when he'd traveled through the town and seen wonders not a few,
He'd say. "Where is your Court House? O! pardon me, now do."

His guide would say, "There's one thing left you really ought to see.
And that's the Fort Wayne High School, so come along with me."
Julius would follow willingly to that abode of fame,
And following he'd murmur, "Ere this I've heard that name."

And so he'd view the wondrous things in High School's fine array
And viewing he would cogitate and then admiring say,
I have viewed many wondrous things and ev'ry city's boast,
But of ev'ry thing I've seen here's what I like the most."

"It is a class you all admire—a class that must win fame.
I scarcely need to mention that Ninety Nine's its name.
In it I view some people that will some day sure be great,
The officers for instance would ornament the state."

"I hope no one will angry be, still take it as you may,
I wish to hurt no feelings, but this I have to say,
I see a future orator within its goodly ranks,
I see a future president of nation or of banks."

'98 Class Poem.

Come list to the praises that early and late
The whole High School gives to our class '98;
First hark to the teachers, for they are, you see,
The generals leading us to victory.

Quite often we hear Mr. Lane, smiling wide,
Declare, "By Great Cæsar," our class is his pride;
Miss Jay says our essays are cute as can be;
Miss Hamilton wonders at our honesty.

Miss Sabin declares that our class is a prize;
Professor Crowe praises us up to the skies;
And they all cry together, that never before
Did a class like ours enter the old High School door.

The Seniors are burning with envy and shame,
For we've overshadowed them quite with our fame;
The Sophomores say, "Next year we'll beat you all,"
I hope they'll not hurt themselves much when they fall.

The poor trembling Freshman dare not lift their eyes,
Lest our brightness should strike them quite blind with surprise.
So, if with these proofs you decline to agree
That a class such as ours you never did see,
In utter despair we will just pass you by,—
A skeptic to live, and a skeptic to die.

CLASS POET.

In Memoriam.

It is with deep regret that at this late moment, we are called upon
to chronicle the death of our classmate,

Lillian M. Wenninghoff.

This unexpected loss will dim the brightness of the graduating
days of the class of '97, of which she was a member, and
with which she would have graduated in June.

We feel keenly this sudden loss that has come upon us, and to the
bereaved mother and family we extend our sincere
and heartfelt sympathy.

That Commencement Crime.



URING its entire High School career, the class of '97, while it has vied with others in friendly rivalry, has always maintained a kindly feeling toward the other classes. This cheerful disposition is largely the result of '97's undisputed sway over the High School and everything pertaining to it. Naturally '97 can afford to be indulgent and to smile upon its weaker companions. But '97 never takes an insult. "Woe to him by whom the offense cometh" was vividly impressed upon the minds of the usually thick headed '96's, on last commencement day, when they dared to provoke the awful wrath of '97. They are sorry now, but the tale yet remains.

It was the morning of commencement day, which, as '96 thought, was to be their crowning day of rejoicing and triumph, for they were to graduate that night; but it passed away, leaving them crestfallen and miserable, the sport and joke of '97. That morning some of the members of '97 had gone out in the country to gather wild flowers to decorate the Fort Wayne Club rooms, where the '96 graduating reception was to be held. This was cheerfully done at the request of '96, but not without much time and effort on the part of '97.

Late in the afternoon some of the Junior ('97) boys went up to the club rooms where the Seniors were putting up the decorations. Davis, the class president of '96, a very eccentric and obstinate individual, who feared '97 as he feared death, was there. When he saw the Juniors he turned pale, and his heart beat fast, as the Seniors always acted this way when they thought the Juniors intended to "touch them up."

The Juniors assured him that they had only kindly interest, and had come there simply out of pure curiosity. But Davis, when he has once made up his mind about a thing, is, to put it mildly, very hard to convince that he is wrong. So it was in this case— he was afraid of the Juniors, and he did not want them around

Instead of politely requesting them to leave the building,— baby like, he ran down stairs and brought up the manager of the club. With this official behind him, Davis told the Juniors to "get out" in a very officious manner. This he could do without fear in this case, for the Seniors had hired the hall, and so had exclusive right to it. But he did not see the consequences which were bound to follow his presumption; the Juniors went away, and Davis' heart bulged with joy and his head swelled—he had actually "talked up" to the Juniors.

But now comes the sad part of my tale, over which '96 will never cease to shed tears of mortification and regret.

The programs for the evening's exercises were beautifully gotten up with a '96 monogram in gold on the cover. A dainty affair, indeed. But they presented a different appearance that night as the Junior ushers handed them to the audience.

Over each delicate '96 monogram was a glaring red '97—on top as usual. The people smiled and congratulated the '97 boys on the success of their little "game," but did not know why it had been done. The statue-like Seniors on the stage were blissfully ignorant of the meaning of the smiles upon the faces of the audience. No doubt they thought that the crowd was smiling because '96 was graduating. Conceited creatures! After the exercises they found it all out, and we refrain from picturing the scene of rage and grief that followed.

All night long, during the dance, white ribbons bearing the stamp of that same red '97, which had done the deed, fluttered from the coats of the Juniors. The '96's bit their lips and bore their mortification in silence, for they knew that they dared not cope with the Juniors, who so far surpassed them. Thus, that day which, as the '96's thought, was to be their day of rejoicing and triumph, passed away leaving them crestfallen and ashamed, the joke and sport of '97.



Catechism for Freshmen.



HAT is the Fort Wayne High School ?

An institution, run at state expense, to and from which scholars carry books.

What does its outward appearance resemble ?

An excavated edifice of ancient Ninevah.

When was the present building constructed ?

Uncertain. Thought to be contemporaneous with the Pyramids of Egypt.

Will a new one ever be built ?

Not unless the British Museum buys the present one.

What object in the High School is of greatest interest ?

The collection of minerals in Prof. Crowe's room.

Are all the curiosities minerals ?

No, there is one living curiosity which runs at large about the school.

Name it.

Smiles Longacre, the Infant Prodigy.

For what use is the basement ?

A place where Prof. Lane seeks victims for the bench.

What general nuisance is situated in the basement ?

The chemical laboratory.

What are its chief functions ?

To inform the school that it is in operation by the production of disagreeable odors. To fit students for witnessing

Boiler explosions without loss of self-composure. To accustom young men to wear aprons.

Is it successful in these things ?

Yes, as many can testify.

Is the botanical laboratory a benefit to humanity ?

No, its a detriment.

Justify your answer.

In that place large quantities of beans, peas, corn, wheat, cranberries, apples, nuts, and other articles of food are shamefully destroyed, and the earth's vegetation in general is ruthlessly plundered.

What knowledge do the students obtain from the study of Botany ?

The remembrance of having taken it.

What is the advantage obtained from studying Physics?

By trying to make the experiments work, some increase their stock of patience, others their stock of profane words.

What is Algebra ?

One method of filling note books with pencil marks.

What is Literature ?

A study contrived in want of something better.

What is Geometry ?

A clever way of inflating a simple truth to such enormous dimensions, with such a display of formality, that the human mind cannot grasp it.

What are Latin and Greek ?

Means by which much hard work is obtained from unfortunate students.

What can you say of the study of History ?

An attempt to commit to memory a very uninteresting story book.

What is English Composition ?

A very successful way of making scholars work outside of school. Causes a consumption of paper and ink, which is beneficial to the manufacturers.

What is the "bench" ?

A mode of punishment originated by the Chaldeans.

Explain the method ?

The victim is invited to seat himself upon a wooden bench.

What does the victim then do ?

He continues to sit.

Well, what then ?

He still remains seated.

Does he stay there forever ?

No, after death ensues the body generally turns to dust.

Does not the dust accumulate ?

No, the janitor sweeps out often.

What can you say of the third floor ?

Nothing; those who sit there are too young to talk.

Can you suggest any improvement that could be made around the building ?

Pneumatic cushions to deaden the incessant noise of traffic, brass bands, etc.

A Bit of Romance.

IT WAS the last night in the dear old house. They were going, bag and baggage, to the outskirts of civilization; that is, five hundred miles from the home of their childhood. Mr. Denman, his wife and youngest daughter, Miss Katherine, were in at the next door neighbor's where they had been invited for six o'clock dinner.

Elenor, for good reasons, had lingered behind in the house, which was bare of everything but the piano and the many boxes and barrels standing about ready for the expressman. The colored man, Caleb, had left the lantern sitting on one of the boxes, and this was the only illumination the usually brilliantly lighted home could boast of.

"Really," said Elenor, from her perch on the piano key-board, "I feel as tho' we were actually stepping off the earth. We'll just die, so far away from our Mecca."

"I wonder," said her companion, a tall, manly fellow, who stood looking down upon her in a serious manner, "whether it's the place or the people you hate so to leave."

"The place, to be sure," replied Elenor, flashing a teasing glance at him; "but you know," after a pause and a swift glance from under her lashes, "the people make the place." Here his hopes took an upward leap, but they came down again with a sickening thud, as she exclaimed, "If I could only take some of the girls with me!"

"Is there no one else you would like to take with you?" earnestly inquired this irrepressible youth, so Elenor thought.

"Let me see," responded this provoking piece of femininity, with a thoughtful scowl, meant to be introspective. "Yes," with a flash of mischief from the dark eyes, "Katherine and I are just broken-hearted that papa is going to leave the span of blacks behind, another woe to contend with;" with a pathetic glance at her companion.

"If you felt as I do over your departure, you could not even think of these trifling things," he said, with a touch of dignity and resentment.

"Feel as you do! Feel as you do, indeed!" said Elenor, with one of those meant-to-be-withering glances. "I am simply crushed with my weight of woe. I could just cry any minute, so there!"

"Forgive me, Elenor," said the penitent youth, all gentleness at once at even a suggestion of tears. "I know you are sincere and hate to leave your friends of course, but,"—desperately—"you are so terribly and decidedly plural always, in your remarks. Elenor, you must know—"

But Clarke Talbot was unceremoniously forced to swallow his ardent words by the breezy and untimely entrance of Miss Katherine, calling, "What one can find more entertaining than roast turkey and cherry pie is beyond me, but—" with mock gravity—"for fear you might be suffering from the pangs of that, to me, most horrible of horrors, hunger. I have brought to you"—with a sweeping courtesy and beneficent smile—"a whole dish of pickles. But, really," said this incorrigible, feeling a constrained silence and looking from one to the other, as she adjusted, with an elaborate flourish, an

imaginary eyeglass to her roguish blue eye—"pon honor, you don't seem very pleased to see me—or my pickles, doncher know!"

Her ridiculously pathetic and incomprehensive expression immediately relieved the atmosphere of any restraint, and with a laugh they turned their attention to the pickles. Meanwhile the irrepressible Katherine proceeded to entertain them with snatches of the latest coon songs, accompanied by a rollicking darkey clog, as she majestically waved a pickle in each hand. But as she afterwards confessed to Elenor, in spite of all this, the atmosphere seemed a trifle too intense for her, and the possibility that she might be *de-trop* suddenly dawned upon her. With a mild suggestion that this would be the last call to dinner, she laughingly kissed her hand to them and went out singing blithely,

"If you will be my missus,
You'll live on pork and kisses," etc.

As she disappeared through the door she turned and with a knowing look and final flourish, sang,

"Honey does you love your man?"

Ending with a very suggestive rising inflection.

"She's a captain," said Talbot with a laugh, "she'll lead somebody a merry chase one of these days." Then seriously, as he turned to Elenor, "But, Elenor, you have kept me in suspense long enough, and—"

"And you," said Elenor, half laughing, half serious, "have kept me from that dinner long enough. I really must go." She was conscious of a wild desire to escape, as she felt her cheeks burning and her heart making frantic attempts to break its four walls. "It's a shame to have kept Mrs. Irvin waiting so long."

But Talbot did not propose to be treated in this fashion, so putting out a detaining hand, he said earnestly, "Elenor, remember you leave to-night, and I will not see you again alone. Won't you ever give me a satisfactory answer, dear?"

Elenor knew what her heart answered, but, girl fashion, was half afraid to confess it; and, too, it was such a temptation to bore him a little, so shyly but teasingly she said, "Yes, perhaps—sometimes, if"—with a hesitating smile—"you'll come five hundred miles to get it."

* * * * *

A few weeks later as Katherine sat comfortably ensconced in a hammock, devouring a book and a dish of cherries, she looked up inquiringly at the sound of footsteps, and poor Talbot—with a rather guilty but happy expression upon his handsome face—heard as a welcome, "Well, upon my word, did you just slide from that rainbow?" And as he turned to greet Elenor, who just then appeared, a gentle murmur came from her hammock—"Ah, me, 'there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream!'"



A Sophomore Triumph.

(Taken from the *Chronicles of the Tribe of '97*.)

CHAPTER I.

1. Now it came to pass that on the twelfth day of the sixth month in the year one thousand-eight-hundred-and-ninety-five, and *in* the reign of Irwin, surnamed John, there *were* certain mighty men of the tribe of '97 who came together in a secret place.
2. And *they* said, Lo ! on the morrow the tribe of '95 will go out into the cold world, for *even* the wise men of the School Board have *so* said.
3. And now is the glory of '97 great, but let us make it much greater; greater even than is the nerve of Bellguy, the Waynestreetite.
4. And it *was* good in their sight that it should be thusly, and they made *of* a banner and upon it they put heathen symbols, signifying their glory.
5. For they said, We *will* place our banner on the utmost part of the cupola, even upon the flag-staff.
6. Now they also got them a war cry, that people might have knowledge of their vocal power.
7. And when these labors were done, they rested, even into the middle part of the night.

CHAPTER II.

1. And it came to pass that on the morrow, when they *did* go unto the campus, there was much swearing and gnashing of teeth; and the '96's seeing the triumph of '97, rent their clothes.
2. And a *certain* '96, called Freddymac, the Calvinite, said unto his brothers, Verily I say unto you, the glory of '96 is overshadowed; but we will not abide this thing, for the banner of '97 is fastened with but slender fastenings, yea, with tacks of small size, is it made fast.
3. And they went stealthily upwards, *even* unto the abode of the Freshman.
4. But now the men of '97 saw that there *was* evil in the hearts of the '96's, and they said, Let us send Johnson, the Williamite, to spy upon the doings of '96.
5. And it was done the same hour.

CHAPTER III.

1. And it came to pass *that* the '96's were not wary enough; for Johnson, the Williamite, did see them enter the bellfry, which is beyond the garret, which is called straight.
2. And he waxed exceeding wroth.
3. And lo, and behold, he laid hold on the Calvinite and wrested from him the sacred banner, even the banner of the tribe of '97.
4. Now he barely escaped with his life, and returned to the camp of the tribe of '97 on the campus, and their wise men were full of joy, and did hoist their banner again.
5. And on the campus the battle waxed hot, even unto the hotness of fly time.

CHAPTER IV.

1. Now there were in the land, Thomas, the son of Davis, and Freddymac, the Calvinite, and *they* were the leaders of the tribe of '96.
2. And of the '97's there were many valiant warriors, for *there was* Edralph, the Yarnellite; and Henshaw, the Crimite; and Foster, the son of Hartman; and Marcellus, the Boulevardite; and Worthington, the Crocodile; and Langlet, the Libbyte, and many other renowned warriors, and they were exceeding strong.
3. *So that* the hosts of '97 took the citadel of the '96's, even the steps *which* lead unto the temple of learning, and *they* drove them therefrom and hurled them headlong unto the ground, and the place *knew* them no more.
4. And of the tribe of '95, they all *were* the allies of the tribe of '97; and the leaders of the tribe of '95 did say unto their followers. Verily this tribe of '97 is mighty indeed, more mighty than *is* the bulk of Cressler, surnamed the Fat. Let us join their battle cry.
5. And the tribe of '95 *did* shout the battle cry, *even* the battle cry of '97.
6. Now were the '96's clothed with much shame, *as* with a mantle, and did go in unto chapel with crestfallen looks, even *as* a whipped dog goeth under the back porch.
7. And the '97's did sing hosannas and songs of blessing, *for* they said, Have we not overcome our enemies, the tribe of '96? Glory and honor ever be to the Scarlet and the Black.
8. And the name of the place *from* that day *was* called *Jindab-ezer*, which being interpreted is "The Valley of Blood."

My Pony.

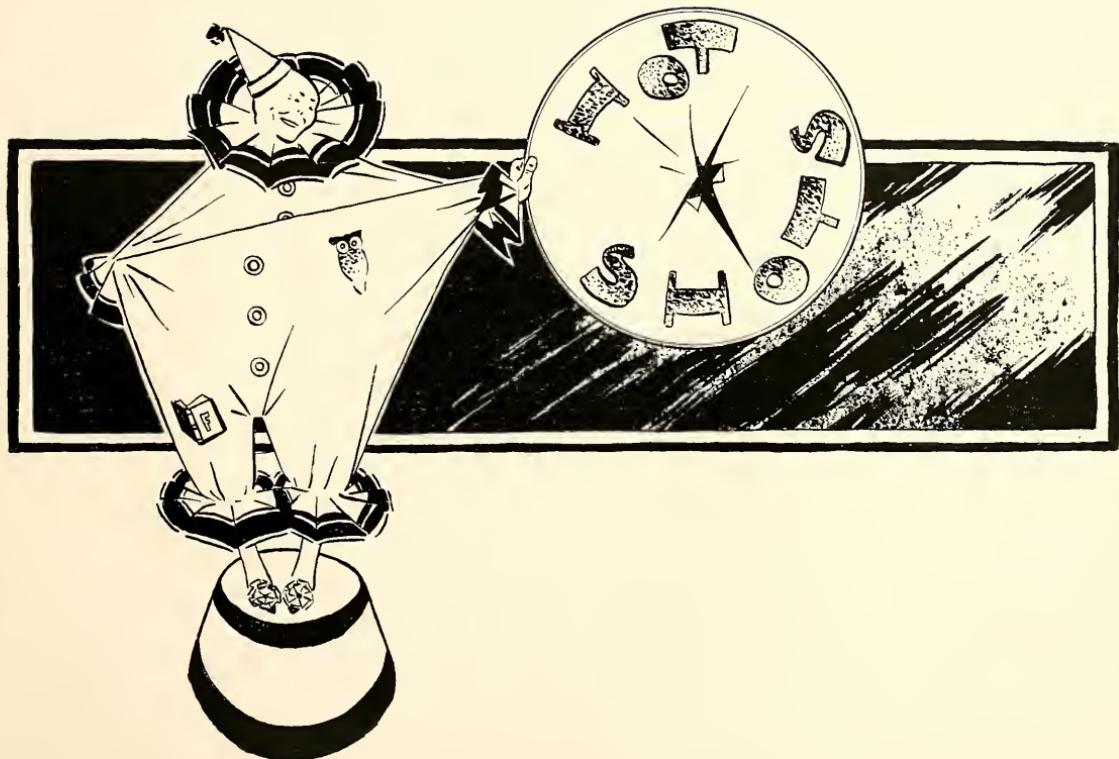
My pony was the funniest steed.
I rode him mighty well;
For I'd taken lessons a long, long time—
Though remember, you're not to tell.

My pony was of the funniest hue;
A sort of an apple green.
And his back was stuck on with a dab of glue,
The best way ever seen.

His tail! Oh! many a tale had he,
But none so good and true
As the tale discovered when I opened his side,
And translations came to view.

So here's advice to the toiling class:
Ride your pony one and all
And when you have ridden him quite enough,
Just tie him in his stall.

Yes, ride your pony one and all,
And be sure to pull his tail (tale);
And if you follow his words so true,
You will very seldom fail.



Answers to Inquiries.

CRUGH HOXTON—If you buy a dozen different editions of Virgil's Aeneid, you can, no doubt, obtain a complete translation from the notes.

LELLIE NAWSON—We advise you to substitute the ironing board for the key board.

BILLIP PHURSLEY—Young men do not usually raise a moustache until over twenty-one, but of course there are exceptions. A good razor can be bought almost anywhere for \$2. A shave at a barber shop cost 10 cents.

DORGE McGONALD—Getting through recitations creditably without previous preparation is more of a gift than an art. We know of no book on the subject.

YON YONSON—There are many "anti-fat" preparations on the market, but we positively cannot recommend patent medicines in these columns.

CHOS. McTORMICK—The fact that the teacher would not give you time to express your ideas on the subject would indicate that they were not worth listening to.

DURNS BOUGLASS—See answer to Yonson.

SPAUD MERRY—We do not know the exact date on which William's College closes. Certainly, your eagerness to know is perfectly excusable.

VALPH RARNELLE—It is not exactly the custom for a young man to pay attention to a young lady twice his age, but if she calls you "Sonny" I suppose it is vindicable.

LERBERT HANG—Of course the "Daisy" is a charming flower, but you should not make your choice of nature's beauties so very evident.

ARDENT SOPHOMORE—We cannot see any sublime significance in your colors, such as you imagine. On the contrary, yellow is typical of small-pox and purple of easter eggs.

ORMAN NOLDS—We cannot state positively, but we believe that there are two or three other Universities besides Princeton in the United States.

JANITOR—We know of no formula by which thermometer readings can be corrected after the instruments have been "fixed."

YON YONSON—Yes, it was very unkind of those burly Freshmen to try to break up your class meeting and you did nobly to prevent it.

WANNIE NILLIAMS—Sarcasm is a figure of speech; and as such should not be indulged in too often.

MISS HARION MARTMAN—The feat you speak of is truly marvelous. Men have been known, in diving to describe ares with their bodies; but we have never heard of one diving round a corner.

FLORENCE CRYER—Yes, the custom of sending valentines is a very pretty one; but I believe that it is in better form to refrain from signing your name.

LALPH RANE—Although your betrothed went to a dance with another, I should think it highly improper for you to walk home with them.

CRALTER WRIM—If you would every night take your voice out and clean it good with a solution of lamp-black and Chicago river water, you would either lose your voice or its disagreeable features.

RAY JEAD—We understand that no injury can result from wearing glasses made of common window glass. They often give a scholarly look to a person who is far from being such.

SPAUD MERRY—We admire your sense of propriety that does not permit your speaking the name, the attributes, and surroundings of his Satanic majesty. Perhaps you could get excused from taking "Paradise Lost."

RESSIE JEITZE—Yes, we think you are growing taller every day.

SEILM NMITH—A frock coat is hardly the thing to wear at school. Buttonhole boquets give a young man a foppish appearance. Don't blame them if they smiled at your wearing a frock coat with duck trousers at commencement. It is as bad as a girl wearing a summer hat and a seal skin cape.

ORWIN EDD—The thermometers are securely fastened; but you might put some ice under the bulb.

CRUGH HOXTON—Mud stains may be taken out of sweaters by vigorous rubbing; the oyster smell will never come out. Send us a stamped envelope and we will give you our formula for a hair raiser.

POT EATERS—The matting was burned by the Janitor, after destroying the beautiful odor of the Chemical Laboratory. Try one of the drug stores.

SAGUSTA EWALL—No doubt you are perfectly correct in imagining that you can take the valedictory at any College as well as at the High School, but you should refrain from saying so, lest people think that you are conceited.

REMAN HOLF—Yes, we think that if G. E. had joined the Basket Ball team he should have been impeached, and thereby given you a chance to fill the president's chair. We do not know just the exact duties of a mascot; but think that Hezekiah could tell you.

WERTIE GILDING—We don't know all the circumstances, or we might advise you. Are you sure they are the same chocolates you sent him?

RAY JEAD—Yes; if, as you say, you have all the girls on your side you can probably be elected president next year. Oh yes, the motto can be changed.

SEILM NMITH—No, we don't know of a good riding pony for sale; but you might ask "Jeems." Yes; you can get a four inch collar made at almost any harness shop; but are you utterly devoid of taste?

JELSIE AXSON—It was probably an accident that he didn't erase the price mark. If you'll send us your name and a stamp we will give you the desired information.

KLFRED ANE—You might ask N. W.; we know no sure cure for blushing. It was probably accidental that she got the seat in front of you.

ORRACE C. HULLOGH—You can get tin soldiers at any toy shop. Read our book on "How to conduct a Revolution," price 99 cents.

BELENE HIDDLE—We don't blame you for having a good time on that sleigh ride. You might write to Spalding & Co. We do not know the price of sporting goods.

MERTIE GORRIS—No one noticed whose picture it was you were wearing.

YALPH R. EARNELLE—You should apologise for not keeping that engagement. Your namesake will not be back until about June 20.

DEXY RYER—She lives in New Haven, Ind. You might try and see. We cannot say we join with you in thinking that you are better looking than the average young man.

ROUISE LASER—No, there were no misspelled words in your note. You did perfectly right. He says he knows nothing about it.

STANCH BLUDY—You are young yet, take a few years to think it over; if the young men engage in hostilities, reject them both.

WRACE GALTHERS—No, we do not think flirting is permissible, even if he is good looking. We are sorry for you; but perhaps the next Junior class will know better than to choose a prophet.

★ H. C. f.

OBJECT—To save for that honorable body, known as the School Board, a large portion of their salary appropriation, by performing the functions of their several offices without any pecuniary remuneration.

COLORS—Of the Spectrum.

MOTTO—Lend a Hand.

MEMBERS.

'96.

CONSTANTLY PUNNING FOSTER,
LIVING AFFECTATION PORTER,

Prominent Pedagogue
Chief Chaperone

'97.

C. MIGHTY SMITH,
MARGARET MENDELSSOHN HANNA,
JEEMS PATTI SWAYNE,
PHOEBUS APOLLO ELLISON,
CENTIGRADE FAHRENHEIT DRIESBACH,
THOUGHTLESS HEARTBREAKER McCORMICK,
EVER RIDICULOUS YARNELLE,

Ornament (?) to Class.
Piano Punisher
Chapel Soloist
Incessant Interrogator
Taker of Temperature
(also of test-tubes.)
Dictionary-at-Large
(Pusher of Bells
(Head Gas Igniter

'98.

GLORIANA FRANGIPANI WILLIAMS,
MEEK-AND-MILD DURNELL,

Orchestrion,
Thermal Regulator

'99.

TOO-MUCH JOHNSON,
DEADLY BEAUTY DOUGLASS,
HANDEL PADEREWSKI MOHR,
CHEERFUL WEARY PORTER,

Sophomore Paper Weight
Plenipotentiary Secundus
Chief Striker of Chords
Deacon

'00.

LITTLE CHUBBY ROTHSCHILD,
G. ANGEL KEEL,
REV. "YOU-ALL" WILLIAMS,
JOHNNY-JUMP-UP MOULTEEN,

Green Room Paper Weight
Bench Ornament
Chaplain
Cause of Mirth

* Assistants to Faculty.

Senior Statistics.

NAME.	DESCRIPTION.	PET NAME.	AGE.	AFFECTIONATE TOWARDS.	NOTED FOR.	BY-WORD.	DISPOSITION.	BESetting SIN	DESTINY.
G-y B-l... .	Foxy.	Ask Clara.	XXII.	Westminster.	Bucking the Annual.	"Like seven of a kind."	Talkative.	Lieing.	Bunco-Steerer.
Ch-s. B-rr-tt ...	Sage.	Don't know.	3 ¹ / ₂	<i>Delta Sigma Nu</i>	Size.	— — —	Studiois.	"Boning."	LL. D.
H-gh Cr-xt-n ...	Hairy.	"Crock."	Ask Mamma.	Gussie.	Good looks.	"Big Indian."	Good Natured.	Appetite.	Pater-Familias.
N-ll- - Cl-rk ...	Cute.	Ask "Him,"	In Her Teens.	Tall People.	Lessons.	"I don't know"	Myrtle knows.	None.	Old Maid.
W-lt-r Cr-m... .	Business Like.	"Henshaw."	15	Post-graduate.	Gait.	"Tommy Rot"	Brisk.	Running Things.	Drummer.
Cl-d. Dr-sb-ck	Fat.	Out of Date.	Same as Miss M.	Miss Jay.	Curls.	"Judas Priest"	Cheerful.	Same as Cassius.	Latin Prof.
Ph- -b. E-l-s-n .	Summer Day.	"Phoebeus."	Real Young.	Croxtion.	Asking Questions.	Unknown.	Despondent.	Talking too Loud.	Change of Name.
Cl-r-nc- Fr- -r ...	Lean.	"Cassius."	16	Fairfield Ave.	Size of Feet.	"I Guess So."	Happy.	Sending Valentines.	Editor.
M-rtl- H- -n-s ...	Dazzling.	She Wont Tell.	5	Same as Phoebe.	Argueing Power.	"Land of Goshen,"	Depends.	Is looking for one.	Nurse.
L- - H-rtm-n... .	Bored.	Ask R. K. M.	Unknown.	"Her."	Those Eyes.	"Gee-whack"	Critical.	Picking a fight in class meeting.	Pugilist.
M-r- -n H-rtm-n	Serene.	"Mary Ann."	29	Cats.	Goodness.	"On the Wagon..	Religious.	Giggling.	Same as McCormick.
C-rr- - H- -ck ...	Heavy.	Never Used.	PI ² .	Several.	"Her Push."	"I'll Tell You."	Weather Vane Writing Notes.	Will be none.	
M-rg- H- -nn- ...	Precocious.	No one knows.	Uncertain.	Yale.	Poetry.	Hard to choose	Same as Bell.	Too numerous to mention.	Nun.
H-rb-rt L- -ng ...	Short.	"Libby."	10	All Females.	Beauty.	"Great Balls of Fat."	Happy.	"Bolting."	Married Man.
G- -rg- M-D-n-ld	Tired.	"Weary."	Can't Tell.	Same as Bell.	Being Tired.	"Oh. Gee."	Sleepy.	Flunking.	Tramp.
T. M-C- -rm-ck .	Stoic.	"Tommy."	38	His Books.	Wheels in Head.	Wont Bear Repeating.	Pious.	Oratorical Flights.	Missionary.
L-ll- - R- -d... .	Dizzy Blonde.	"Lil."	Aged.	St. Louis.	Her Walk.	Ask the Janitor	Sanctimonious	Chewing Gun	Dress Reformer
J-m-s Sw-yn- - .	Lanky.	"Jeems."	Under 40.	Ponies.	Vocal Solos.	To good to have one.	Steady.	Flirting.	Foot Ball Player.
C-rn-l- -s Sm-th	Telegraph Pole	"Cornie."	Real Young.	Any old thing.	Size of Collars.	"Out of Cigarettes."	Soft.	Trying to be Tough.	Penitentiary.
R-lph Y- -rn-ll- .	Noisy.	"Yarnelly."	Childish.	Babies.	Making Dates.	Numerous.	Tender.	Breaking Dates.	Preacher.

Miscellaneous Statistics.

NAME.	DESCRIPTION.	PET NAME.	AGE.	AFFECTIONATE TOWARDS.	NOTED FOR.	BY-WORD.	DISPOSITION.	BESETING SIN	DESTINY.
Bl-nch H-tt-rsl-y	Merry-go-round.	"Deary."	Under Six.	Same as Smith.	Non-quietude.	Too Naughty to Mention.	Breezy.	Being Late.	Salvation Army.
R-lph L-ne.....	Queer.	"Brother."	XV	"Big Four."	Lack of Nerve.	"Anytime."	Jolly.	Spooning.	Henpecked Husband.
Els - Sh-rd-n..	Fresh.	Unpronounceable.	16 to 1	Bryan.	Conceit.	"Free Silver."	Bi-metallic.	Arguing.	Free Silver Orator.
B-rns D -gl-ss..	Tubby.	"Fatty."	36	Class 1900.	Piano Punching.	Can't be Spelled.	Revolutionary.	Blushing.	Sing-Sing.
A. J-y R - d....	Vain.	"Ashy."	Just 3.	J. L.	Running Junior Class.	Never Knew One.	Grouchy.	Mashing.	Help Papa.
Ch-s. P-rt-r.....	Tired.	"Farmer."	27	His Bed.	Hirsute Appendage	"Gee-whiz."	Sleepy.	His Face.	Judge.
Gl-d-s W-l- ms	Chaffy.	Has None.	3½	Mr. Lane.	Conversational Speed.	Same as Nellie.	Flippant.	Chewing Rag.	Woman's Suffragist.
Mr. L - d-lf.....	Short.	"Jan."	Middle Aged.	Class '97.	Good Nature.	"Hurry up."	Happy.	Ladder Raising.	Long Life.
*M- -de Sp-rry..	Gushing and Captivating.	None Allowed.	Sweet 16 (?)	Williams College.	Her Laugh.	"Come Again"	Latest Report Not In.	Making Love.	Elopement.
D-n H-yd-n	Toothpick.	"Bythick."	96	Ruddy Cheeks.	Small Hands.	"Suffering Corn Meal."	Wide Awake.	Doing Nothing.	Steam Boat Captain.
G-rt W-l-d-ng...	Chubby.	"Tot."	12	Several.	Paying Bets.	"Golly."	Ask Bell.	Falling in Love.	Second Mrs. Caudle.
R-x Dr - r.....	Feminine.	"Reggy."	Very Young.	K. Ms.	Running Electric Co.	"But Then."	Made for Two.	See Answers to Inquiries.	There are others.
N-nn-e W-l- ms	Peachy.	"Spit-fire."	18 more or less	G. R. B.	Ruddy Cheeks	"Sugar."	Bitter-Sweet.	Talking Back.	School Marm.
G-y L-ng-cr ...	Daffy.	"Smiles."	2 Months.	Nothing.	Size of Head.	"Rats."	None.	*Sleeping.	Kindergarten.
L-c-le P-rt-r	Queenly.	"Cile."	Ask Will.	"Brothers."	Big Brothers.	"Jiggers."	Ed Knows.	Can't Tell.	Trained Nurse.
Sch -l B- -rd ...	Sleepy.	Has None.	Same as Methuselah.	H. S. (?)	Generosity.	—	Sedate.	Giving Holidays.	Re-election.
J-hn J-hns-n ...	Ponderous.	"Too Much."	99	Johnson.	Good Nature.	See Dictionary.	Not Known.	Absconding.	Dime Museum.
L-br-r -n.....	Charming.	"Edna."	"A Secret."	Purdue.	Disposition.	"Say."	Ask Olds.	Eating Chocolates.	Stage.
P-rcy O-ds.....	Pretty.	Ask G. E. M.	17	Percy.	Liking Percy.	"Land-ee."	Squashy.	Admiring Percy.	I. F. M. Y.

* Omitted in Senior Statistics.

Embryonic Breeze Obstructors.

MOTTO:—"There's many a man that hath more hair than wit."

COLORS:—Red, Black, White, and Yellow.

FULL-LIP BUNNEL,	FEARLY OBSTRUCTOR
DOWNY FRYER,	EXAMINER OF WIND
CHEWED-OFF DRIES-BACK,	CHIEF STROKER
HEAVY-BEARDED CROMTON,	WORST OFFENDER
FRESMAN KEEL,	KEEPER OF TONIC
BRISTLE-TOP BELL,	MOWER OF STUBBLES
WOOLY GRIFFITHS,	DESTROYERS OF "RAZZERS"

CANDIDATES.

FRESHMAN HOPKINS. POET "LOBSHMER." TOO-MUCH JOHNSON. MAROON McMILLEN.

PAST MASTERS.

CREEPY CARPENTER. PRETTY PRESSLER. BRUNETTE BRACKENRIDGE.

★H. O. N. D.

OBSTCT:—To wear out the floor in the Physics room and to otherwise exasperate the faculty.

OFFICERS.

MISS COHEN,	High Muck-a-Muck
MISS G. WILLIAMS,	Ponderous Pedal Pusher
MISS LUND,	Emminent Instructor
MISS JACKSON,	Chief Musician
MISS SHERIDAN,	Terrific Two-Stepper

MEMBERS.

MISS WELSHEIMER.	MISS HAINES.	MISS G. WALTERS.	MISS MAINWELL.	MISS EVANS.
MISS L. WILLIAMS.		MISS McLAIN.	MISS L. WALTERS.	
Ancient Order Noonancers.		MR. JEWNTON, Audience.		

H Mystery.



YSTERIOUSLY indeed, under the spreading branches of an old crab-apple tree, sat two, not two crab-apples; no indeed, they were more on the order of peaches; for they were two members of the class of '97. Have you ever noticed that crab-apple trees are usually good to lovers, and that they lower their branches in a most protecting way? And the moon was kind that night. He winked in a sly manner as he slipped behind a cloud, and the electric light took the hint, and went out—to see a man.

But this was all wasted. These two were not lovers, and their conversation was the most common place. Quoth the lad, "May I steer you into the wilds of the country, and anchor you safe at Miss—'s party, Friday night?"

Oh maiden! where are thy wits? You surely remember that this bold Senior is apt to forget his engagements. Her friends said next day, he would forget her. He did!

Long and anxiously this maiden waited on Friday night, and ever and anon, said, "Sit still, my heart," and "Let patience have her perfect work." But she waited in vain.

Who is that lad enjoying so thoroughly the delights of the waltz and "deaux temps," and who is dancing away in such a manner as to lead one to believe that he has his "lady-fair" with him? But it is not so. Far away she is "waiting for the manikin who never came." The rumor has reached our ears that he usually forgets everything except that awful laugh. He was never known to leave that at home.

Of course, gentle readers, you are wondering who our forgetful hero is; but he was so dumbfounded, when he at last discovered his dreadful predicament, that he actually forgot to laugh.

That act alone prevented his identity from being discovered.

Seniors.

MCD-N-LD—"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." *Coleridge.*

C--M'S VOICE.—"Like the vile squeaking of a wry-necked fife." *Merchant of Venice.*

B-LL.—"A lion among ladies is a dreadful thing." *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

McC-RM-CK.—"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument." *Love's Labor Lost.*

'97 QUARTETTE.—"Filled the air with barbarous dissonance." *Comus.*

FRY-R.—"Yon'd Cassius has a lean and hungry look." *Julius Ceasar.*

C. L-NSD-WN.—"And of his port as meke as is a mayde." *Chauveer.*

CR-XT-X.—"His chin, new reapt, showed like stubble land at harvest time." *Henry II: Part I.*

Y-RN-LL- (Speaking of his voice).—"An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own." *As You Like It.*

N. SMITH.—"A wit among dunces, a dunce among wits." *Othello.*

MISS SP-RRY.—"Who says in verse what others say in prose." *Horace.*

MISS SP-RRY.—"I dote on his very absence." *Merchant of Venice.*

N. SM-TH.—"A glass gazing knave with a rose in his button hole." *King Lear.*

SW-YN.—"A modest youth with cool reflection crowned." *Love's Labor Lost,*

B-RR-TT.—"O, rare the head piece! if but brains were there." *Sidney Smith.*

H-RTM-N.—"There's many a man hath more hair than wit." *Moliere.*

MISS SC-TT.—"Quiet as a nun." *Wordsworth.*

CR-M.—"Conceit! Good Heavens! In that he has no peer." *Dryden.*

YARN-LL.—"A loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind." *Goldsmithe.*

N. SM-TH.—"Papa, give me a penny; I want to be tough." *E. P. Rose.*

MISS H-RM-L.—"A prodigy of learning." *The Rivals.*

DR-SB-CH.—"My boistrous locks no worthy match for valour to assail; nor by the sword, but by the barber best subdued." *Milton.*

BROKAW.—"Not much talk; a great silence." *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Juniors.

THE CLASS.—“There's small choice in rotten apples.” *Taming the Shrew*.

L-NG-CRE.—“Eternal smiles his emptiness betray.” *Pope*.

C-RP-NT-R.—“A little, round, fat, oily man.” *Thomson*.

MU-RHE-D.—“Egregiously, an ass.” *Othello*.

MISS W-LL-AMS.—“It would talk. Lord! how it talked.” *Beaumont and Fletcher*.

P-KE.—“We grant that he had much wit, but he was shy of using it.” *Fonson*.

L-DS.—“The bookful blockhead ignorantly read; with loads of learned lumber in his head.” *Pope*.

F-X (proudly).—“I know a hawk from a handsaw” *Hamlet*.

P-RK-R.—“I am not only witty in myself; but the cause that wit is in other men.” *King Henry IV: Part II*.

D-TZ-R.—“This ape doth much resemble man, but yet in sooth he is not.” *Holmes*.

F-TCH.—“Good man Dull.” *Much Ado About Nothing*.

P-RK R.—“A very unclubable man.” *Boswell*.

B-RSL-Y.—“I must to the barber's, for methinks I am marvelous hairy about my face.” *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

L-NG-CRE.—“The blockhead rubbed his thoughtless skull.” *Pope*.



Sophomores.

CLASS.—“They have a plentiful lack of wit.” *Hamlet*.

J-HNS-N.—“I have a kind of alacrity in sinking.” *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

G-BS-N.—“A base foot ball player.” *King Lear*.

R-LF.—“A harmless necessary cat.” *Merchant of Venice*.

B-SS-T.—“Patience, and shuffle the cards.” *Cervantes*

K-LL.—“A queer rogue.” *Tempest*.

S-MM-RS.—“Dead at the top.” *Scott.*

D--GL-SS.—“Too fat to be a student.” *Swinburne.*

J. W-LS-N.—“A bold, bad man.” *Spencer.*

H. MCC-LL-CH.—“I am Sir Oracle, and, when I ope my mouth, let no dog bark.” *Merchant of Venice.*

T-YL-R.—“Not Hercules could have knocked out his brains, for he had none.” *Boswell.*

CL-RK.—“An embodiment of nothing.” *Dickens.*

MISS M--RE.—“Softly her fingers glided o'er the yielding planks of the ivory floor.” *Pope.*

R-X DRY-R.—“I must be a very fascinating young man. 'Tis not my fault, the ladies must blame heaven for that.”
W. D. Howells.



freshmen.

THE CLASS.—“A ribald crew.” *Coriolanus.*

R-THSCH-LD.—“A hungry lean faced villian.” *Comedy of Errors.*

MC-FEE (returned from the bench).—“Zounds! I never was so bethumped with words since I first called my brother's father dad.”

K--L.—“Go ask nature what you are and what she meant to make you.” *Peter Bell.*

-LL-S-N.—“I would 'twere bedtime.” *Henry IV: Part I.*

FRESHMAN COMPOSITIONS.—“Here will be an old abusing of * * the king's English.” *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

K-NE.—“A most senseless man.” *Much Ado About Nothing.*

C. H-GH-S.—“A small-knowing soul.” *Love's Labor Lost.*

ST-V-R.—“A blank, my lord.” *Twelfth Night.*

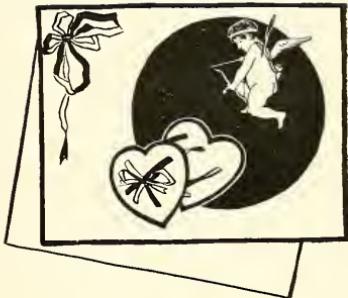
Those Valentines.

"Hello Jim ! where have you been keeping yourself ? Yes, didn't you hear about that ? Well, that's strange ! Most everybody in school knows about it."

"Why, it was like this : One of the Sophs. was in the book store while they were purchasing them; and he saw them go over to the Y. M. C. A. and start a boy out with them. Now, D—— was afraid the boy would leave the wrong one at M——'s, so F—— put a card with two bleeding hearts, pierced by an arrow, on the one he was sending. Wasn't that rich ? Well, when that boy got out on Fairfield Avenue, he did a brilliant thing. He forgot whether he was to deliver the valentine to the young lady or to her mamma, so he pushed the bell and called for mamma. Funniest thing though, was that F—— had forgotten to erase the price mark. He's glad she sits up in the "garret" though, for he blushes quite easily. Well, I should say so ! Those valentines fixed 'em both all right. Say, you should have seen those two pairs of doves cooing during the "freeze out" at school. They were studying Latin (?) in the basement by the furnace, in order to keep *warm*. They did."

"Yes, he has it pretty bad. Didn't you hear them smile when she had her seat changed to the big room right next to him. You missed half your life. And blush—my ! a lobster would have been pale by the side of that blush.

"Well, so long, I'm going over to the Y. M."



Who Is It ?

Behold him, as he boldly treads,
And high his head doth carry,
As he shams around, and tries to prove
That awful corollary.

But see him now, as he back does drag,
And low his head does carry,
His wits went wrong, though his tongue did wag,
He has fallen on that corollary.



FINIS

Our Spring and Summer Styles



Of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits are the handsomest ever displayed by any Clothing House in this city. We show a greater variety of high grade exclusive styles in Boys' and Children's Suits than you will find elsewhere.

Our Furnishing Goods —



And Hat Departments are brim full of the New, Bright and Desirable Things that are in vogue to-day, and our prices you will find to be much below Exclusive Dealers.

— Sam, Pete & Max.

We all Eat at the

*Home
Restaurant,
99 Calhoun Street.*

Best place in the city for a good Meal or Lunch.

Geo. W. Smith, Prop'r.

Characteristic Remarks.

MISS HAINES.—“I can't exactly see what you mean.”

This book makes me tired, is an expression you may hear. But that can be avoided by a pair of spectacles fitted by Dallas F. Green, expert Optician.

CONTRIBUTORS TO *Eniauton*.—“What is the last possible date I can hand my stuff in?”

SMITH, '97.—“Hold me.”

CRIM.—“I haven't got the minutes of the last meeting.”

MISS SABIN.—“I don't get your point.”

How about that graduation present? Will it be bought of Dallas F. Green, the Jeweler? If not, why not?

ADVERTISERS.—! ? ! ? ! ?

L. Jaxtheimer & Son,

Latest Styles in

*Spring and
Summer Goods,*

 29 East Berry Street.

Insurance.

*Life, Fire, Accident, Elevator, Liability,
Indemnity,*

 *C. B. Fitch,*

65 Clinton Street.

— STAHN & HEINRICH, —
Booksellers, Stationers and Newsdealers, *

Artists' Material a Specialty. Orders for Engraved Cards, Monogram Stationery, etc.,
116 CALHOUN STREET. Promptly attended to.

SCHMITZ BLOCK.

GUNTHERS'
FINE
CANDIES

Are now on Sale at
GROSS & PELLENS'

DRUG STORE,

Cor. Wayne and Calhoun Street.

(REMARKS CONTINUED.)

PROF. CROWE.—“ You will get that in Chemistry.”

Eniauton Staff.—“ What shall we name it?”

If your eyes don't track or are not mates, see Dallas F. Green, the Expert Optician about them.

SENIOR CLASS (to Crim 37 times per day).—“ When will the pins be here?”

EDITOR-IN CHIEF.—“ Well, have you all got your stuff in?”

In starting out in life buy your silverware of Dallas F. Green, the Jeweler.

When in need of any Footwear, dont fail to see our new assortment in

Black,
Colored or
Patent Leather,

The latest styles for Spring and Summer.

C. SCHIEFER & SON.
8 E. Columbia St.
Sign of the Alligator.

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE —

— And School for Shorthand and Typewriting.

Schmitz Block, Corner Calhoun and Washington Streets.

Summer Term begins June 20th.

T. L. STAPLES, Prop.

Leisure Hours.



Luxuriously spent in intellectual enjoyments, can be made doubly delicious by refined and beautiful surroundings. The pleasures of the senses are ministered to at the same time, and no one can cater to the natural desire like the

PAPE FURNITURE COMPANY,

Who can furnish your house with the handsomest and most attractive Furniture to be found anywhere. Our stock is filled with novelties in this line beyond compare.

THE PAPE FURNITURE COMPANY,

28 and 30 East Berry Street.

(REMARKS CONTINUED.)

MISS STEVENS.—“There's a lack of poise in the back row. I'm sorry, but I'll have to excuse you.”

PROF. MILES,—“Everybody sing.”

A nice thing, in divers shapes, at various prices, making beautiful presents, at Dallas F. Green's, the Arcade Jeweler.

BELL (at class meeting).—“Please come to order, Yarnelle.”

PHOEBE ELLISON.—“Mr. Crowe, why is this doing this way?”

MISS STUDY.—“Hello, yes, this 1100.” “Yes, she is talking.”

MISS BLYNN.—“You may take the front seat if you were talking.”

GREEK CANDY MANUFACTORY,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturer of the

BEST AND PUREST CANDIES IN THE CITY.

Greek and Russian Candy, French Chewing Candy.

Turkish Nougat, Peanut, Cocoanut, Etc.

A full line Chocolate and Cream Bonbons made fresh every day.

FINE ICE CREAM PARLORS.

Ice Cream Soda Water, Milk Shake, Lemonade, Etc.

A full line of Cigars kept constantly on hand.

154 Calhoun Street.

MATTE & STITES, Proprietor

H. F. WINKELMEYER.

G. A. HANS.

WINKELMEYER & HANS,

PROPRIETORS

LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES.

HACKS FURNISHED AT ANY HOUR, DAY OR NIGHT.

TELEPHONE NO. 175.
ALL CALLS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

44 W. MAIN, 7 AND 9 PEARL ST.

ESTABLISHED 1876.

PHONE 196.

TROY STEAM LAUNDRY,

OFFICE AND WORKS: NOS. 48 AND 50
PEARL STREET.

Superbly Finished Linen is the Most Essential
part of a Gentleman's Toilet.

WE DO IT.

Our wagons will call at any part of city.

F. L. JONES & CO., Prop'rs.

FRED J. REINEKE, —————— UPHOLSTERY AND AWNINGS, PARLOR SUITS, LOUNGES.

COUCHES, CHAIRS AND
HAIR MATTRESSES.

CARPETS CLEANED AND FEATHERS RENOVATED.
HOUSEHOLD GOODS PACKED.

No. 41 East Main Street.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

THE ——————

U. S. DENTAL PARLORS,

98 CALHOUN ST.
UP STAIRS.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

DR. J. A. WILLIAMS, MGR.

(REMARKS CONTINUED.)

MAUDE SPERRY (one minute before recitation)—“I haven't
looked at my lesson.” (Translates 20 lines perfectly.)

PROF. LANE.—“You may take your seat and tell me all
about it after 4 o'clock.”

MISS COLVIN.—“Yes; what do you think of it, Myrtle?”

MISS SABIN.—“That's what you miss by not taking Latin
and Greek.”

PROF. CROWE.—“That right, McCormick?”

HEAVENLY MORSELS !

Is the impulsive exclamation one makes after tasting our delicious candies. No better candies made on the "footstool" than our choice confections, because they are the acme of perfection. May be equaled but never surpassed. Our Home-Made Candies are the source of a splendid patronage.

— A. C. AURENTZ, 18 WEST BERRY ST.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS

All like to see the boys wear glossy Collars and Cuffs. Boys, please the girls by having your Shirts, Collars and Cuffs laundered at the

BANNER STEAM LAUNDRY,

544 South Calhoun Street.

Bell Phone 165.

Quick delivery and the finest work.

DR. KINTNER REFRACTIONIST.

Perfect  Sight.

Restored and preserved by the use of properly made Lenses.

See us if your eyes trouble you.
Office, 25 W. Washington St.

(REMARKS CONTINUED.)

MCDONALD.—"I don't know."

EVERYBODY IN SCHOOL.—" ;——;——;——the staff. I'm afraid I'm in for a grind in the *Eniauton*."

THE PUBLISHERS.—"Have the cuts come yet?"

EVERYBODY IN SCHOOL.—"When will the *Eniauton* be out?"

PAUL E. WOLF,

STEAM

Carpet and Feather ↗

↗ Renovating Works,

33 and 35 Clinton Street,

FORT WAYNE, IND.

Telephone 404.



SIDNEY C. LUMBAR



INSURANCE, REAL ESTATE, LOANS,

NO. 3 AVELINE HOUSE BLOCK.

(GAGS CONTINUED.)

MISS STEVENS, (in reading): "Now Miss H., Miss Sperry is a good mark for you to go for."

MYRTLE HAINES, (same day): "My, but you can tell from Mr. Lang's recitation what kind of a husband he would make. I don't want him for one!" (Confusion of Lang.)

MARIE McLAIN: "Say Clyde, we aren't going to be roasted in the *Eniauton*." (See page 111.)

SOPHOMORE GIRL, (in Physical Geography examination,) Question: "What is a volcano?" Answer: "A collection of ducks and fishes," (ducts and fissures.)

TELEPHONE 138.

BELMONT STABLES,
HACKS.

88 E. MAIN STREET.

C. J. ULMER, PROPR.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

Capital \$350,000.
Surplus \$140,000.

The Old National Bank Of fort Wayne, Ind.

Stephen B. Bond, President.
Oliver P. Morgan, Vice-President.
Jared D. Bond, Cashier.
James C. Woodworth, Asst. Cashier.

Directors:

Oliver P. Morgan.
John H. Bass.
Henry C. Paul.
Montgomery Hamilton.
Stephen B. Bond.



Thieme Bros.,

Tailors.

Special inducement to High
School Graduates.

New Spring Styles
made up stylish.

12 West Berry Street.

GAGS.

MISS JAY: "How many stories has a Greek house?"

MAY SHEPARD: "Two stories and the roof."

ROSA KEEL: "It was a deep elevation."

MISS HAMILTON: "What is a personal adventure?"

PORTER: "An unusual happening."

MISS HAMILTON: "Give me an example."

PORTER: "Going swimming in winter."

MISS HAMILTON: "Who was Macauley?"

J. WILSON: "An Irish sketch artist."

STEGER GOUTY CYCLE COMPANY,
—DEALERS IN—
HIGH AND MEDIUM GRADE BICYCLES

Also dealers in Bicycle Sundries of all kinds.

— 140 Calhoun Street.

(GAGS CONTINUED.)

MR. LANE, (Junior Geometry) : "Which figure is a *homosoles* triangle?"

LONGACRE, '98 : "I can't this afternoon, for I have *two* recitations *straight* the first hour."

MARY HANNA, (To one of the Editors): "Nobody but *popular* people will get a roast in the *Eniauton*." (Five minutes later to same person): "I expect to have at least a dozen grinds on me in the *Eniauton*."

NANNIE WILLIAMS, (Translating Greek): "It seemed to him that a thunderbolt had struck the celestral (ancestral) house."

GRACE WALTERS, (Translating Cicero): "He carried himself —," (hesitates.)

PROF. LANE : "Did he?"

A. F. Schoch, —



The Tailor,

41 1-2 West Main Street.

Home Phone, 558.

SPORTMEN'S EMPORIUM,

JOHN TRAUTMAN.

*Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Fire Works,
COSMOPOLITAN BICYCLES.*

All kinds of Singing Birds, Parrots, Imported Seed, Best Mocking Bird Food, Cages, Etc.
Repairing by the Only Practical Gunsmith in the City,
Promptly attended to

58 EAST MAIN STREET.

J. G. THIEME & SON, CLOTHIERS AND TAILORS.

We carry the most elegant line of Woolens in the city, at the lowest prices.

Clinton and Columbia Sts.

(GAGS CONTINUED.)

MISS STEVENS : "Try and recall some personal incident of a moonlight ride, etc." (Seeing Miss Sper-ry blush,) "Oh, you need not make it so *personal* as that!"

MISS STEVENS, (Same day): "Now see if you can make the corners of your lips meet, like this."

MCCORMICK : "Our own lips?"

MISS JAY : Would it not be strange if I were invited to your house and the door was locked?"

CITY MILLS.

C. TRESSELT & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

SILVER DOLLAR 

—AND—

Hungarian Process,

—ALSO—

Pure Rye Flour,

FORT WAYNE, IND.

M. F. KAAG,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

© **CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,** ©

White China to Decorate, Lamps, Chandeliers, Etc.



No. 5 EAST COLUMBIA STREET.

M. J. BLITZ,

Railroad Ticket Broker,

82 CALHOUN STREET.

Izidor Lehman, of

"The Jacobs Shoe Store,"

Invites your attention to his entirely new stock of Fine Shoes, just received, for Spring wear.

Lowest Prices Guaranteed.

C. W. FULTON,

CITY LIVERY STABLES,

18 West Wayne Street,

Hacks Furnished.

Telephone No. 53.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Preferred Accident Insurance Co.,

OF NEW YORK.

M. J. BLITZ,



District Manager.

(GAGS CONTINUED.)

JOHNSON: "You ought to consider it an honor to be invited to my house even if you did not get in."

MISS SABIN: (In Literature, after waiting several minutes for Driesbach to commence, Sec. 2, Act IV, of Macbeth): "Well, Mr. Driesbach, why don't you proceed?"

DRIESBACH, (reading): "You must have patience, madam."

*We have the only complete line of Bicycles in the City.
Why not buy one? We are agents for the*

World, National, Ariel, Halladay and Barnes.

Also medium grades at almost your own price.

31 West Berry Street.

Compare our Laundry work with
that done at any other
place.

FORT WAYNE 
STEAM LAUNDRY,

46 West Main Street.

W. B. PHILLIPS.

Phone 382.

Randall Cycle Co.

C. W. WENNINGHOFF,

MANUFACTURER OF

"Red Bird"

AND

"Triple Extra."

GERDING BROS.,

**HACK AND
LIVERY STABLES**

No. 66 Harrison St.

Telephone 187.

(GAGS CONTINUED.)

MISS SABIN (a few minutes later).—"Mr. Driesbach, you don't seem to be able to read your part. Haven't you the place?"

DRIESBACH (reading).—"I am so much a fool; should I stay longer, it would be my disgrace and your discomfort; I take my leave at once."

LOUISE RAYER.—"I'd consider it a great honor to be roasted in the '97 *Eniauton*." (This is L. R.'s third honor.)

For dainty Up-to-Date —————

(GAGS CONTINUED.)

Shoes and Slippers.

Try THING & CO.,

32 Calhoun Street, large Red Boot.

Articles found in desk of Guy Basset :

Package of tobacco.

"Diamond Dick, Jr." Library.

Prince Dusty.

Sunday *Inter Ocean*.

PROF. CROWE, (in Physics): Miss Clark, describe a sonorous body."

NELLIE CLARK : "I don't know what a *tonsorial* body is.

fine Perfumes,

Pure Drugs,

Cigars,

Ice Cream Soda,

Sundries,

'97 Cob.

freeze & Ranke,



————— No. 88 Calhoun Street.

High School Graduates —

All expect to get married "sometime." When any of them do, we want to sell them their Furniture and Carpets. If we succeed in doing that, this advertisement will have accomplished its purpose.

foster furniture and Carpet Co.

(GAGS CONTINUED.)

LIZZIE LAPP: "Antony married Cleopatra, and their chief battle was fought on the sea."

MAUDE SPERRY: "Why, I just won't have any of my pictures finished up; they don't flatter me one bit."

MR. CROWE: (looking at the thermometer). "Are you so warm, Miss Williams?"

MR. LANE (in geometry): "Miss Margie, you may put on the figure for this exercise."

MARGIE HANNA: "Mr. Lane, I can't use either one of my hands."

DREIER'S

Pure Cream Tarter

BAKING POWDER

Will give you satisfaction, only 25c per pound.

OUR ICE CREAM SODA WATER,

Will please you, 5 cents. For sale by

DREIER & BRO.,

DRUGGISTS.

WE TROT

In a Special Class by ourselves. Although the Purse is but \$1.00 per month, Pressing, Cleaning and Mending

FIVE HEATS, (i. e.)

Stockings darned, Underwear Mended, Lining put in, Buttons sewed on, Patching and Mending of Clothing.

WE HAVE - - - - -

ROBERT J., 2:01 in Pressing.

DIRECTLY, 2:07 1/4 in Cleaning.

ALIX, 2:03 in Darning and Mending.

TELEPHONE 465.

All Goods called for and delivered by the Celebrated

PANTITORIUM, 1:58

With its running mate

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

16 ARCADE.

For Merchant Tailoring, why, we can't be beat. Suits for \$15.00 to \$30.00; all first-class workmanship. Fits guaranteed.

And in Mending, Cleaning and Pressing Clothing we are all right.

WILL H. SCANTLING,

Trainer.

Photographic Cameras,
~~75c~~ to \$75.00.

**Plates, Films and
Photographic Supplies.
KATT SELLS THEM.**

Dark Room Free to Amateurs. * *

Rambler Bi-
cycles

BETTER THAN EVER.

\$80 - EIGHTY DOLLARS. - \$80
KATT SELLS THEM.

HAS FOR YEARS. * *

**A. C. GOCKE,
Pharmacist.**

Our Soda is the finest in the City.
Agent for

Gunther's Candies.

Washington Boulevard
and Broadway.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

Home Telephone 7.

**Typewriters, Mimeographs,
AND SUPPLIES.**

Typewriters From
\$5 to \$100
GOOD ONES.

KATT SELLS THEM.

**Yankee Grocery.
GROCERIES.**

Headquarters for Country
Produce.

Fine Teas and Coffees

A Specialty.

Telephones 547-114.

32 West Main St., and 28 Smith St.

D. J. SHAW, Prop.

Ask your Grocer for

**Volland's Daisy
Roller Flour,**

Manufactured by

H. VOLLAND & SONS,

14 West Columbia Street.

(GAGS CONTINUED.)

FRYER : "I should think you wouldn't put that grind in about me, because it wasn't anything funny at all."

CROXTON, ('96 Commencement night): " Say, fellows, didn't you think that Lucile Porter's dress was 'on the hog' ?"

MR. CROWE, (in Chemistry): "Now Miss Emma, what do you mean by *plastic* sulphur ?"

EMMA SAUER : "It means that it is black."

Say! You want to go to the

~~=====~~ *Fourth Annual Field Day,*

Of the

High School A. A. A., ~~=====~~

~~=====~~ *To be held about the last of May. Bicycle Races, Athletic Events, Good Music.*

CHARLES McCULLOCH, President.

JOHN MOHR, JR., Cashier.

~~=====~~
The Hamilton ~~=====~~

~~=====~~ **National Bank.**

Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus, \$240,000.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

(GAG CONTINUED.)

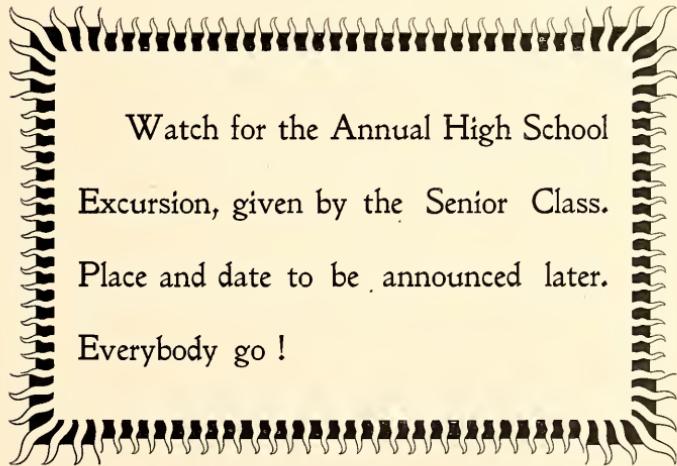
MR. LANE (in amazement): "Well, how in the world do you manage to carry on your correspondence then?"

MISS PORTER (speaking of convents): "I'm sure I never intend to take the the veil, that is, not that kind of a veil."

PIKE (to a crowd of amateur camera fiends): "Where you get your devil-eloping fluid?"

MR. LANE (in geometry): "Hugh, how would you find the exact distance between two points on the surface of a steel sphere."

CROXTON (grasping a sudden idea): "I'd take it to a machine shop and have a hole bored between the points."



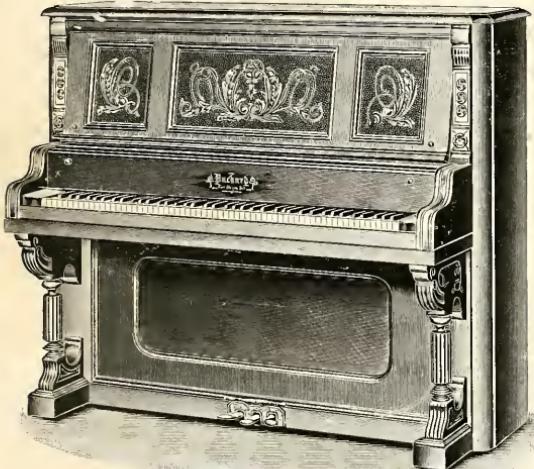
Watch for the Annual High School

Excursion, given by the Senior Class.

Place and date to be announced later.

Everybody go !

*It is not
The Name
That Makes
Packard Organ
The Best.
It is the Piano Itself
The Name only shows it is Genuine.*



We only charge for the Pianos; name and reputation are thrown in. You run no risk in wasting all your money on a poor piano or a part of it by paying a big price for a good piano. We can give you better value for your money than you can get elsewhere. The opportunity is all we ask.

FORT WAYNE ORGAN CO.,
FORT WAYNE, IND.


S. W. HULL
WALL PAPER,

Latest Designs, most Select Colorings in all grades, at Popular Prices, First-class Hangings. Wall Tinting, etc.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,
Room Mouldings. Mixed Paints in any quantity desired.

27 Clinton Street 27

DO NOT FORGET INITIALS NOR NUMBER.

 TELEPHONE 250.

(GAGS CONTINUED.)

MR. CROWE, (in Chemistry): "Now Crim, will you please get down on all fours?" (Confusion in front row.)

Weak Eyed Club.

C. Monocled Smith,	- - -	Grand Wearer of the Goggles
"After Julia" Read,	- - -	Custodian of the Eye Restorer
Grace Goggles Walter,	- - -	Transporter of the Lenses
Much-adored McLain,	- - -	Sporter of Wink Preventers
Eye Rubber Yarnelle,	- - -	Head Consumer of Window Panes

AND THERE ARE OTHERS.

Style, Make, Fit, Shape



Are essential to make a perfect garment. This season we have made a special effort to obtain the most desirable effects in suits, and we invite your careful inspection. Also, we have been able to obtain some exclusive styles in trousers. Remember, with us prices are always the LOWEST.



Friend's Enterprise,

Corner of Calhoun and Berry Streets.

